The Nation

Vol. CIII NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1916 No. 2674

Summary of the News

The past week has seen the revival of a vigorous offensive by the Allies in the West. Along a fifteen-mile front north of the Somme Allied troops have delivered a blow as heavy as any they have dealt in this offensive. On Monday the British struck the German line from Martinpuich to Combles, and moved forward a mile, taking Morval and Les Bœufs, just south of Bapaume. General Foch's troops gained half a mile along almost the entire nine-mile front which they attacked, and operating with the English have virtually encircled Bapaume, making its fall inevitable. The Allied offensive is pushing eastward with the aim of outflanking the Germans both at Bapaume and Péronne.

The most important war news of the week, perhaps the most important military news received for some time, is that which concerns the operations on the Dobrudja front. Accounts have been conflicting, but from a comparison of all of them it seems clear that von Mackensen's great drive has been blocked. Official reports received from Bucharest on September 21 announced that the Rumanians, on the strong defensive line to which they had retreated, had first checked the advance of the Germano-Turko-Bulgarian forces and had then taken the offensive and driven them back in retreat. This news received confirmation from the Berlin announcement of the same date that operations were "at a standstill." On September 22, however, came the statement from Berlin that, as a result of an encircling attack against the flank and rear, strong Rumanian forces southwest of Tobrai Sari were being driven back in disorder. The Rumanian version of this action was that "some units" had been repulsed and that von Mackensen's forces had halted in their retreat and were digging themselves in. If the Teutonic success was as important as the announcement of Berlin evidently desired to imply, it was strange to find von Mackensen on the following day still on the defensive and admitted so to be by the German official statement. From the facts as they appear it seems pretty safe to assume that the German victory mentioned by Berlin referred to an isolated engagement on the Rumanian flank, possibly over troops whose eagerness in pursuit had outrun their discretion, and that the Rumanian army, supported by Russian reinforcements, has definitely checked von Mackensen's much-advertised drive.

On other fronts there is not a great deal of importance to record. Gen. Brussiloff for the present, whether from choice or from necessity, appears to be content to exert pressure all along the Galician front, presumably in preparation for a renewed attempt upon Halicz and with a view, meanwhile, to preventing concentration of Teutonic troops at any one point. Indeed, Sunday's announcements from both Berlin and Petrograd told of activity along the whole 400-mile front from the Pripet marshes to Rumania. In Macedonia the Allies have pushed steadily forward. The Rumanian invasion of Transylvania, of which about 7,500 square miles has now been occupied, has apparently received a check at the southern end of the line, although progress has been recorded in the north.

The internal situation in Greece appears desperate from the point of view of the King and his party. In many parts, according to recent dispatches, the King has ceased to exercise even the semblance of authority, and in the capital itself his power is rapidly waning. Crete is entirely in the hands of the revolutionists, which is to say of the Venizelists, and thither M. Venizelos went on Monday. The islands, Thasos, Chios, Samos, and Mytilene, not for the first time in history, have repudiated government from Athens; Salonica is practically at war in the Allied cause; in Epirus and Larissa proclamations of independence have been issued; even the Peloponnese is reported to be wavering. Meanwhile, those of the King's party, changing their tune, aver that Constantine is ready, on advantageous terms, to declare for the Allies—this in the moment when more Greek troops were made Bulgarian prisoners at Florina—and the Entente Powers continue to hold coldly aloof from the insecure government of Kalogeropoulos.

Dispatches from Copenhagen point to the prospect of a very pretty row marking the reassembly of the German Reichstag. The trouble is over the eternal submarine question. A professor has accused von Tirpitz of misrepresenting Germany's resources in submarines as well as the results of the submarine campaign. Von Tirpitz has demanded of the Chancellor that he discipline the audacious pundit. The Chancellor replies that the professor is wrong, but that he can't be punished. Accusations of lying all round have been freely bandied about, and the outcome of the whole affair is naturally a renewal of Pan-Germanist demands for relentless prosecution of submarine warfare and the prospect of the matter being threshed out in the Reichstag unless von Bethmann-Hollweg is able to control the situation. We may note here that, according to the Sayville wireless of September 22, the German and Dutch Governments have come to an agreement to submit the questions involved in the sinking of the Dutch steamship Tubantia to an international committee of investigation after the war.

In the Hungarian Parliament also considerable heat has been engendered by discussion of topics relating to the war. In particular, the diplomacy of the Government in connection with the entry of Rumania into the war has been called into question, as well as its alleged "sulkiness" in jeopardizing friendly relations with the United States by its failure to appoint an Ambassador to succeed the lamented Dr. Dumba. In accounts which reach this country the impression is conveyed that the attacks on Count Tisza have been mainly of a political character, and that the Premier remains master of the situation.

A raid was made over England, London apparently being the principal objective, by a dozen Zeppelins on the night of September 23. Only two reached the metropolitan district, and these were quickly driven off, but not before they had slaughtered twenty-eight non-combatants, including women and children, and injured ninety-nine. It is possible that this species of savagery may suffer discouragement by the loss of two of the raiders, both of the latest type, which were brought down in Essex. The crew of one was destroyed with the machine; the other crew was made prisoner. No military damage, it is officially announced, was done.

Were it not that events have forced us to accept as not incredible any accusation of Prussian inhumanity, we should hesitate to record, even as news, the hideous report published in the New York *Times* of Sunday relating to the alleged German practice of deliberately spreading tuberculosis among prisoners of war. As news it must unfortunately be included in the record. Reports, already well authenticated, of Turkish barbarities practiced, with German connivance, on Christians in Turkey are only confirmed by the publication in the *Times* of September 20 of letters of protest to the German Government written by two German educators.

The most interesting event of the week in the Presidential campaign was the news, published last Friday, that Col. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft had consented to bury the hatchet and shake hands at a meeting of the Union League Club, in New York, on October 3. President Wilson on Saturday made his expected speech in defence of his recent surrender to the railway brotherhoods in the matter of the eight-hour legislation. Comment on the speech will be found in our editorial columns.

A rather serious aspect is given to Villa's recent raid on Chihuahua by Gen. Bell's report on that event, published on September 21. According to the report the raid was not only virtually unopposed, but the bandit, having harangued the populace and freed prisoners from the jail, left the town unmolested, taking with him a considerable amount of artillery and a number of Carranzista soldiers who joined his ranks.

The transit strike in New York continues, efforts of the civic authorities to mediate having proved unavailing. Officials of the lines affected maintain that the strike is a failure and point as witness to the normal running of the subway and elevated and the constant improvement in the surface lines. Organizers of labor are, as we write, making desperate efforts to start a general strike, which was to materialize yesterday. Indications are that they will fail. A certain amount of rioting occurred last week, but the police have throughout had the situation well in hand.

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The Week

Two Zeppelins lost, as against 127 English men, women, and children killed or wounded, is a ratio which sooner or later is bound to rouse protest in Berlin against the ordinary Frightfulness, and create a demand for a Newer Frightfulness. The damage wrought on Britain in the way of homes and factories burned and railway lines damaged may possibly exceed the million-dollar cost of a couple of Zeppelins, though it is not likely. The sixty-two Englishmen killed and wounded just about equal the Zeppelin crews killed or captured. But—and here comes in the necessity for revising the methods of Frightfulness—the Germans who died or were taken prisoners were soldiers, and soldiers of a highly specialized type whom it takes years to create, whereas the sixty-two Englishmen killed and wounded were most of them below or above military age in all probability, or in some other way unfit for the battle-line. The question, therefore, is whether the Great General Staff can afford to spend a German soldier to kill or maim a British non-combatant. That spirit of cool reason and adaptation of means to end which stands behind Frightfulness must soon come to see that the amount of Frightfulness visited upon the survivors of the British dead is not perceptibly heavier than the amount of Frightfulness inflicted upon the widows and orphans of the Zeppelin crews whose charred bodies lie in British soil.

But it is when they take into account the Zeppelin harvest of women and children that the mathematicians of the Great General Staff will awaken to the irrationality of the present methods of Frightfulness. Only half of the British casualties were men. Now it is quite obvious that a policy which sets out to kill as many women and children as men, simply *doubles* the number of enemies whom Germany must destroy, and doubles the effort which Germany must make. Suppose, for example, that the Zeppelin commanders were instructed to destroy British cattle and other domestic animals as well as women and children. Then it is plain that the German General Staff would add tens of millions to the number of units it had to eliminate before it forced an honorable peace. Can German resources stand the strain? And will not men arise in Germany to ask whether the same investment in soldiers and money would not show greater results if directed against the Allied soldiers in the trenches? Fifty highly trained German soldiers from the two Zeppelins and a million dollars' worth of guns and powder would probably account for thirty or forty British "Tommies." These considerations are bound to work for the adoption of a Newer Frightfulness, not in the interest of humanity, but in the interest of arithmetic.

A little less than half of the population of Greece, occupying almost exactly half of the national territory, is now in virtual revolt against the rule of King Constantine. The revolutionary movement began in the island of Mitylene some weeks ago. It was followed by the National Defence movement at Salonica with the establishment of a revolutionary government in this, the largest of Greek ports. Next came Crete, only the other day, and last week brought the news of a stirring in the same direction at Janina in Epirus. All these—Crete, Mytilene, Macedonia, and Epirus—are the new Greece of Venizelos's creation, and it is for that statesman to give the word before a revolutionary movement carried out under a thin guise of legalism takes on the appearance of the real thing. Nor does one-half the area and population of Greece measure the full power of Venizelos. For, whereas in the provinces of new Greece which have taken their stand with him against the King the Venizelist sentiment is virtually unanimous, there is no reason to believe that in the other half of the kingdom popular feeling is as solidly on the side of King Constantine. Whenever Venizelos decides that the moment has come to force an issue, a very large element in old Greece will come to his side, and the King will find himself at the head of a small minority of the nation, and, if Allied success in Macedonia continues, of the army as well.

While official steps for Polish relief have made no progress, Washington has achieved one gain in obtaining Turkish permission for the distribution of supplies among the Syrians and Armenians. The permission was long withheld, it is stated, because the Turkish Government insisted that steps which would turn the gratitude of the people towards an outside nation would cause an unfavorable reaction towards itself. The centre for the distribution of relief will be Beirut, and if we may believe the reports given out by the Lebanon League and others, a large area there is distressingly in need of food, clothing, and other supplies. Almost no crops have been harvested for two years, grain has been shipped out for European Turkey and Germany, and the populace has been oppressed by the officials. Constantinople itself is none too well provided with foodstuffs. Prompt American assistance directed by Red Cross and Red Crescent may save hundreds of thousands from death. That the President has appointed October 21 and 22 days of special giving for the Syrians and Armenians is no reason for withholding help till then.

The frequency with which Canadians and Australasians are mentioned in correspondence from the front is an indication that they play a picturesque, not a disproportionate, part in the fighting. Yet their total numbers on the firing line must now be considerable. The Canadian enlistment is approaching 375,000, growing apparently at the rate of about 10,000 a month; the Australians had enlisted over 250,000 by the first week in May, and Hughes and others are calling urgently for more volunteers; even New Zealand has raised over 60,000 men for overseas service, and is sending reinforcements at the rate of 2,500 a month. With the small South African contingent in Europe, we have here a total of about 700,000 men, of which perhaps a half million are at or near the fronts. That this is far from measuring the effort of the colonies is shown by the fact that in Canada alone are 200,000 workers in munitions factories. In the Dominion, Laurier has been delivering speeches since the end of Parliament exhorting the French-Canadians to attempt more, and with effect; Hughes has been talking compulsory service in Australia; and a writer in the *Round Table* states that "conscription has long had a numerous and steadily increasing body of supporters in New Zealand."

Repurchase by this country of the American securities held by European investors before the war began has been one of the most remarkable economic incidents of the period. It was so, not because Europe elected to sell back the securities; that was inevitable, with the strain which the prodigious war loans imposed on Europe's investment capital. The really notable aspects of the transaction have been the amount of such redemptions, and the fact that, notwithstanding their wholly unprecedented magnitude, our markets have taken back the shares without financial disturbance, and in general on a basis of rising prices. On the question what the actual amount of such repurchases has been, a careful investigation conducted under the auspices of President Loree, of the Delaware & Hudson Railway, has thrown

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great light. Following one or two preliminary reports, the estimate given out on Monday indicates that, of American railway securities alone, there were repurchased from foreign holders, between January 31, 1915, and July 31, 1916, no less than $1,288,773,000, par value. At the earlier date—which was shortly after the reopening of the New York Stock Exchange had made possible large sales by Europe—the railway stocks and bonds known to be in foreign hands amounted to $2,704,401,000. At the end of last July the total was $1,415,628,000.

These computations are certainly more accurate than any former estimate of foreign holdings of our securities; for the reason that the figures are computed from a complete private report of the railway companies themselves on the shares of their stocks and bonds registered in foreign names, and, in the case of unregistered bonds, on coupons reported under returns for the income tax. Yet, amazingly large as are these figures of securities redeemed, they admittedly fall far short of the total. They do not include stocks or bonds of American industrial corporations owned abroad and sold back to us during the war. It is roughly estimated that about $300,000,000 of that class of securities have been redeemed in the same period. Nor does even the resultant total of nearly $1,600,000,000 account for everything; for large blocks of American securities, owned by European investors before the war, were habitually held in trust for the foreign owners by New York banking institutions. The test applied by Mr. Loree would not disclose foreign ownership in such cases; yet it is known that very great quantities of these securities also have been sold to American purchasers. If we allow for the European selling on our Stock Exchange in July, 1914, and in the eight weeks since last July—periods not covered by Mr. Loree's estimate—the general inference would be safe that more than $2,000,000,000 of our own securities, or more than 50 per cent. of the total owned abroad before the war, has been redeemed.

Whether Villa was actually in command of the raid on Chihuahua or not, whether he obtained arms and bullion or not, the dispatches upon the pursuit of Villistas emphasize the utterly abortive nature of the raid. It is evident that Carranza's army, even with indifferent leadership, is not one to lose control of the situation for more than a few hours; the raiders are now in flight towards Jiminez, and reported discouraged rather than jubilant. Yet we may believe that the net effect of the affair on the conferences at New London will be salutary. Anti-Wilson organs have commented on it as showing the futility of treating with representatives of a Government still doubtfully able to hold its own. The raid has, of course, shown nothing of the sort; it gives no reason for questioning the reality of Carranza's power. Yet it has made the Mexican conferrees more appreciative of the fact that American support is absolutely necessary to the improvement of their Government's position, and more willing to treat with the American representatives upon the general matters the latter wish to take up. It may even have shaken the cocksureness of Carranza, who a few days ago was telegraphing a rebuke to the conferrees for broadening the discussion. American suggestions as to the disposal of border forces and as to internal measures will alike be heard more openmindedly.

The effort to discredit the National Guard continues. Thus a letter from a correspondent in Texas of the Providence *Journal* quotes regular army officers as saying of the militia that it was "little better than Kitchener's Mob"! Well, considering that Kitchener's Mob has been licking the best of the Kaiser's troops under the most terrible battle conditions ever known, this seems to us not to be a slur as intended, but a very high compliment. But, waiving that, there again appears to be a deliberate effort on the part of the regulars to scoff at the militia—either for the purpose of getting a Federal volunteer army (value unknown) or a much larger regular army. Under the circumstances, the public should keep a thoroughly open mind, and await all the facts before deciding whether the new National Guard is a failure or not on its present lines. Incidentally, the public should ask who is responsible for the fact that, according to the press dispatches, it is only within the last fortnight that the militia artillery has been equipped to go into Mexico—the militia having been taken over entirely by the regular army in June last. It was also not in the militia that the aviation scandal took place—for which the guilty officers have never been brought to book. There is a double system to be inquired into, and justice requires that blame and praise shall be equitably distributed between the two parts.

There is so obvious a conflict of opinion and statement as to the merits of the Lewis machine gun that it is well to have Secretary Baker's assurance that this long-standing controversy will soon be settled once for all. Meanwhile, it is to be noted that Gen. Crozier has the highest standing as an ordnance officer; that he has no other interest in the success or failure of any gun save to obtain the weapon which will reflect the greatest credit upon his corps, and be of the greatest use to the army; that every inventor who fails of recognition believes that there is some subtle influence working against him; and that, in this case, the unfavorable reports on the Lewis gun were made not by ordnance officers alone, but by boards of officers upon which only one ordnance officer served. If the Ordnance Department has been guilty of any lapse, it may have been in not running after the makers of Col. Lewis's gun for more tests. It is only fair to add that the record of this Government since its foundation in failing to take up and aid inventors like Fulton, Ericsson, and Holland naturally raises a presumption in favor of an inventor in any controversy with the Government. But in this case we are sure that Gen. Crozier will court the fullest inquiry—indeed, his memorandum of May 8 last, in which he pledges his department to encourage the makers of the Lewis gun, speaks for itself. Mr. Baker's judicial qualities will speedily enable him to get at the facts in the case.

One act of the Congressional session affecting interests in foreign trade—the establishment of a uniform bill of lading—has elicited no objections and may be considered as generally satisfactory as it was urgently needed. A bill of lading is both a receipt for goods and a contract to carry them. It is of importance not only to shipper, carrier, and consignee, but in many countries to the Consular officials. In some aspects it is a negotiable instrument. The law is of especial note in that the Joint High Commission which has been formed to study the promotion of trade among the American republics some time ago urged its adoption on all the American Governments, and the action of the United States is therefore an example to our sisters farther south. Several States have had such laws, and the Federal measure was drawn upon their general model, and in a way to reconcile certain conflicts between rail and water carriers. There are no reasons inherent in international trade why Latin-American countries should not enact an approximation to it; to do so would end much of the confusion caused by different forms used by different carriers or dictated by varying port customs.

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Though by counting the newly elected Senators from Maine Mr. Willcox reduces the present Democratic lead to fourteen, his predictions of victory in the elections for the upper body simply emphasize the difficulty of his party's task. Out of the places of 17 Democrats and 15 Republicans still to be filled, the Republicans must hold all their own and capture eight of the Democratic places. In two of the fifteen Republican Senatorships to be refilled, those in California and Wisconsin, the party has been fortunate in the choice of candidates who will bring back the Progressive vote in strength. But in two others, Washington and Wyoming, Willcox plainly admits that the situation is dubious, while there is certainly a chance for the Democrats in North Dakota and Utah. So much for the situation of the Republicans in holding their own. In capturing Democratic seats, Willcox counts on electing Senators from New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Nebraska, and West Virginia. But what open-minded Republican is sure of New Jersey or Nebraska, even in the event of a victory for Hughes? There remain three Senatorships to be gained in Arizona, Indiana, Tennessee, Maryland, Montana, Nevada, and Missouri, and if Indiana and one other could be carried, the three would be safe. But there are so many chances of the Democrats carrying States enough in all three of Willcox's columns to upset his plans that only a sweeping victory can bring in the twenty-three needed men. And it will not do to lean on Maine as showing the proportions in which the Progressive-Republican vote will be reunited.

"Where were those one-time enthusiastic German Republicans?" plaintively asks the *Staats-Zeitung* in reference to the big vote polled by Mr. Bacon as an avowed anti-German. The answer to this question is that the mass of German Republicans or German Democrats or any other kind of German voters has probably never been so "enthusiastic" as the *Staats-Zeitung* and other self-constituted organs and leaders of German-Americanism. Here was a candidate for the nomination to the United States Senate on a straight pro-Ally platform. Mr. Bacon's success would have meant the affirmation by the Republican party in New York of a policy much more drastically anti-German than all the sins for which the German-Americans have condemned President Wilson. Mr. Bacon's nomination would, from the *Staats-Zeitung's* point of view, have done harm to Mr. Hughes's candidacy by foreshadowing the kind of pressure that would be brought to bear on Hughes if elected. Yet in New York County there were cast for Calder and Bacon together only a little over 23,000 votes. After the Maine election, the German-American press talked portentously about what would happen when the German phalanx got under way, if this happened in a State with no German vote. But in New York County, with its big German population, there was no such phalanx. It may yet turn out that the great hyphenate issue is no issue.

The campaign orator who wants the loudest possible applause for his utterances in behalf of straight, uncompromising Americanism must go for it to St. Louis or Milwaukee. Some months ago it was supposed to require a special kind of courage for a candidate to stand up before a St. Louis audience and declare that he was for the United States as against the Kaiser twenty-four hours in the day. Orators who confronted a mass meeting in Milwaukee, and spoke up for America first, had verbal medals of honor pinned on them. The general impression seemed to be that St. Louis came to the hall armed with hand grenades for the speaker who dared to exalt the Stars and Stripes above the double eagle of the Hohenzollern. A bold statement of American rights would be met at Milwaukee with clouds of poisonous gas. Thus put on their mettle, the people of Missouri and Wisconsin have regularly replied with a manifestation of loyalty which audiences in New York or Boston feel under no compulsion to exhibit. That St. Louis and Milwaukee have found it so easy to rally to Americanism is owing to the spacious vagueness of the formula. Only when it comes to the question whether it is Mr. Bacon's Americanism or the "real" Americanism of the *Staats-Zeitung* is there room for difference of opinion.

The report of Commercial Attaché Julian Arnold upon Pacific shipping emphasizes the trend towards a recovery of the American position of which there have been repeated recent indications. His figures show how great was the disorganization into which the war plunged this commercial area. Shipping tonnage stood at 380,000 gross tons at the beginning of the conflict; but for a time the British vessels were so largely withdrawn that "the Pacific trade was virtually left to the Japanese and American shipping companies," and even yet, counting the expansion of Japanese shipping and the return of British vessels, there is a shortage of 100,000 tons. The American tonnage ebbed with the British, but it now stands at 22,100—evidence that the difficulties offered by the Seamen's act are not forbidding to some companies. For one thing, the Japanese offered prices that tempted the very men who most severely denounced the act; for another, the Atlantic trade offered opportunities for advantageous transfer of ships. There is reason for believing that the Pacific will absorb its share of the new American tonnage now being constructed.

Why has the protest against the proposed affiliation of the Authors' League of America with the American Federation of Labor been so slow in coming? Now that it has come, it bears the signatures of a goodly array of distinguished writers; has it taken them all these four or five months to arrive at their conclusion? Not at all, we fancy. There are some things so silly that one feels it to be almost a personal humiliation to take them seriously; and, although the recommendation of this queer move was, we believe, made unanimously by the committee to which its consideration had been referred, it must have been to most persons of any solidity or stability of thought a proposal which it was irritating to dignify even by opposition. If one does have to go to the trouble of examining its merits, one can hardly put the case against it more plainly than has been done in the protest now issued. The statement made in favor of the proposal by the committee, says the protest, "is vague as to the precise way in which affiliation with the Federation of Labor will accomplish any of the many aims of the Authors' League"; and it hits the bull's eye in dealing with the defence of the scheme against the criticism that it would tie up the authors with the trade unions, irrespective of the justice of their position:

> The statement seems to indicate that the Authors' League may secure the support of the Federation of Labor and its several unions without any obligations on our part, legal or moral, stated or implied, to render to the Federation or to its unions any reciprocal support of any kind. Such a proposal is absolutely unacceptable, since it is one-sided, unfair, and wholly unworthy of the Authors' League.

It is said that many of the signers of the protest have declared that they will resign if the affiliation is carried out. They all ought to, certainly; and we have little doubt that many will whose names do not appear among the signers. An Authors' League with the authors left out is what the promoters of the scheme are trying to bring about.

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MR. WILSON'S DEFENCE.

The President's explanation and defence of the recent snapshot railway-labor legislation is not calculated to strengthen his position in the eyes of thinking people. The one excuse for so extraordinary a departure from the first principles of sound government was the plea that it was justified by the imperative need of a critical emergency. A large proportion of the votes cast for the bill in Congress were cast for the avowed reason that it was the only way to avert the calamity threatened by the labor leaders. But Mr. Wilson, in his speech at Shadow Lawn on Saturday, goes far towards removing this justification, so far as his own course was concerned. He speaks, indeed, of the impending conflict which he desired to avert; but he throws all the stress of his argument upon the intrinsic merit of the legislation. He had asked, he says, the railway managers to "grant the eight-hour day not because the men demand it, but because it is right," and when his proposal was rejected, he "went to Congress and asked Congress to enact it." He does not rest his defence of the snapshot lawmaking on the demand of a critical situation; he finds ample justification for it without recourse to that consideration.

What is the nature of that justification? A few excerpts will make it plain. Before meeting the representatives of the railways and the Brotherhoods, says the President, "I, of course, made myself acquainted with the points at controversy, and I learned that they were very simple indeed. . . . I saw at once that there was one part of this that was arbitrable, but that in my opinion there was another part that was not arbitrable." And it had been in his mind from the beginning to put this legislation through Congress in case the railway managers did not concede the point: "I learned before the controversy began, so far as I was concerned in it, that the whole temper of the legislative body of the United States was in favor of the eight-hour day." It will be noted that the same swift and easy process by which he had conclusively arrived at the judgment embodied in his eight-hour proposal and its non-arbitrableness sufficed to furnish the President with a perfect test of the sentiment of Congress on the subject. As to the eight-hour question more generally, he rests on the assertion that "the judgment of society, the vote of every Legislature in America that has voted upon it, is a verdict in favor of the eight-hour day."

Now infinitely the most vital objection to the extraordinary transaction consummated last August under Mr. Wilson's direction turns not on any of the specific points of the bill, but upon the violation of fundamental principles of government in the manner of its passage. Whether an eight-hour law ought to be passed; whether, if passed, it should have been of this nature; even whether the principle of arbitration was hurt or helped by it—all these questions, important as they are in themselves, fade into insignificance in comparison with the question whether the Congress of the United States shall maintain the character of a self-respecting and intelligent lawmaking assembly. And as to this Mr. Wilson's speech makes the case far worse than it was. What Mr. Wilson "saw at once" in a matter of the utmost complexity was evidently to his mind adequate warrant for the jamming-through process; and if any further justification was needed, it was supplied by what, "so far as he was concerned," he had ascertained to be "the whole temper" of Congress. Whether Congress really was so bent upon eight-hour legislation as Mr. Wilson's intuitive observation indicated; whether the bill proposed was a *bona-fide* eight-hour bill or a bill to increase wages without inquiry and without establishing an eight-hour day; these questions, and every question which a responsible legislative body is bound to consider before it acts, are disposed of by the President's personal verdict. If *he* "saw at once" that "the points at controversy were very simple indeed," it would be sheer perversity for Congress to find any difficulty in passing upon them. "You know," says the President, "that we have been a legalistic people." Very likely we have been too "legalistic"; but we are hardly prepared to throw into the scrap heap the whole tradition of rational lawmaking.

The character of this attitude towards legislation is brought into the strongest relief, however, by the background of social and sentimental generalization against which it is thrown in Mr. Wilson's speech. What he was jamming through in forty-eight hours was "the judgment of society," "the principle of the eight-hour day," a thing which "we" believe in because by it "the whole moral and physical vigor of the man is added to," a thing in favor of which stands the verdict of "every Legislature in America that has voted upon it." Now in a constitutional government there are certain recognized ways of seeing that "the judgment of society" shall be embodied in laws. Has any Legislature ever passed an eight-hour law having even the remotest resemblance to this law? Would the President, would the Brotherhoods, have been content with a bill that simply declared that the standard working day shall consist of eight hours' work and made no mention of the rate of wages? Yet such a law would embody "the principle of the eight-hour day" just as clearly, and just as fully, as the law actually passed. Again, if this thing was so clearly demanded by the judgment of society, how comes it that no President has recommended it in any message to Congress, that it has not been made an issue in any national campaign, that Mr. Wilson himself, so far as has been disclosed to the public, never thought of it until the other day? Boiled down to its essentials, his defence would justify the passing over-night of any legislation sprung upon Congress which the President of the United States for the time being might declare to be urgent, provided he could lay his hand upon his heart and solemnly affirm that he felt it in his bones that it was in accord with the judgment of society.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE LAW AND THE CAMPAIGN.

One of the singular facts about this curious Presidential campaign has been the very general neglect, by both parties, of one issue which ordinarily would have been the trump card of the Administration. No achievement of Mr. Wilson's received more frank and unanimous recognition as a great constructive measure, when it became a fact, than the Federal Reserve law. Probably none has had more beneficent moral influence in promoting the great recovery of American finance from the despondency and reaction of the first four months of war. Yet on the whole it had until last week received less emphasis in campaign speeches and newspaper discussion than any other measure of the Wilson Administration.

The neglect of the subject by Republican speakers was not difficult to understand. Conducting, as was their natural policy, a campaign of criticism and depreciation, they were confronted in this case with a double embarrassment. First, the Federal Reserve law of the Wilson Administration was in its essential provisions a law whose enactment had been urged during nearly half a dozen years by Republican party leaders. Secondly, the chorus of approval, on its enactment, had been so widespread and non-partisan as to make an attack on the measure at this present time politically dangerous. Repub-

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lican campaign orators were apparently afraid to touch the matter. Why the Democrats had so little to say about it has not been so easy to understand.

Last week, the reports of Mr. Hughes's speeches (for the first time, we believe) contained references to the Federal Reserve act. They were somewhat fragmentary in form; apparently, the allusions were themselves casual. They seem, however, to have adopted these five grounds of criticism: The law as passed by the Democratic Congress in 1913 was based on a proposed statute drafted by Republicans, and was therefore not a "Democratic law." Its form, as first proposed to that Congress, was faulty and objectionable. The removal of the worst of these defects was due to Republican criticism on the floor of Congress, notably from Senator Root. The effects of the war panic of August, 1914, on this country were averted, not by this Federal Reserve act, but by the Republican Aldrich-Vreeland law. The present law is, after all, a potential measure of inflation. These, as we understand it, are the counts of Mr. Hughes's indictment—not put forth with any great clarity or force, and, unfortunately, swept under the candidate's general assumption that any measure enacted by the Democratic party must *ipso facto* be an objectionable measure.

We regret that these considerations have not been presented in a broad and statesmanlike way; nevertheless, since the Federal Reserve act must necessarily be a real issue of the campaign, and in view of the high importance of the law itself, we think it advisable to take up and weigh fairly the arguments just summarized, and then to appraise what may remain of individual political credit to the Wilson Administration. The present Federal Reserve law was, in many of its technical provisions, based on the draft prepared in 1911 by the Republican Senator Aldrich and the Monetary Commission of Congress. This fact was not disputed, even by the authors of the present measure. Indeed, ordinary common-sense prescribed that provisions for the money-market operations of the new centralized banking system, formulated after four years of official inquiry and investigation and approved by the banking experts, should have been thus adopted. But the general framework as proposed by Senator Aldrich was not adopted. In the matter of organization, distribution of powers, and district management, the bill of 1913 was an entirely different statute from that drawn up by Mr. Aldrich.

In its original form the Federal Reserve law was very faulty. So were the proposals of the Commission in 1911. A statute of this sort is usually open to serious criticism in its earlier stages. The Congress of 1913 listened to these criticisms and amended the bill accordingly, as a Republican Congress would doubtless have done with Mr. Aldrich's plan, had any Republican Congress seriously taken the matter up. Changes correcting the original defects were based quite as generally on criticism by Democratic as by Republican Congressmen. That Mr. Root's attack on the whole measure, in the closing stages of the debate of December, 1913, was the cause of the removal of the defects in the original text is not true.

Mr. Root's speech was a powerful polemic; based, however, on almost complete misconception of the bill as it then stood. If the speech had any effect on the legislation, it was in the amendment securing note circulation of the Federal Reserve Banks by 40 per cent. in gold instead of 33 1-3 per cent. in gold and other lawful money. The amendment was wise; but Republican critics of the incident have ignored the fact that the final Aldrich draft of 1911 itself proposed that the notes be secured only "one-third by gold and lawful money." Even before the amendment was adopted in 1913, the provision for note circulation was more conservative than that of the Monetary Commission.

It is true that the admittedly makeshift "Aldrich-Vreeland Emergency Currency law" served to allay the war panic of August, 1914, and that the Federal Reserve law did not. But the obvious reason was, that the Emergency Currency law was then in operation and that the Federal Reserve law was not. As for the argument of "potential inflation," that is apparently a leaf out of Senator Root's book of 1913. It applies with much greater force to the Aldrich proposals of 1911, some of whose provisions in this regard seemed to us most mischievous, and none of whose provisions insured the prompt redemption of the notes, as is done by the present law.

All things considered, it is our judgment that Mr. Hughes's reported criticisms of the law fall to the ground. They amount to little more than an attempt to prove that neither President Wilson nor the Congressional majority of 1913 deserves any credit for the law. We greatly doubt if Mr. Hughes would have employed the same reasoning, supposing political conditions in the preparation and enactment of the law to have been reversed. The salient facts of the matter, which all fair-minded critics must admit, are that a Republican Congress, with the statute already drawn up by a Republican leader, refused during several successive years even to discuss it, and that a Democratic President, with the help of Democratic Congressmen, achieved its enactment under circumstances which had made that result apparently impossible. To the prestige attaching to this great achievement Mr. Wilson is indisputably entitled.

MACKENSEN FAILS.

The reports from the most interesting sector in the whole European battle-line, the Dobrudja, where the Germans and Bulgars are at grips with the Russians and Rumanians, have certainly not been lacking in dramatic action and suspense. But it is evident now that the drama has largely been supplied by the bulletin editors in the War Offices. The Allied "defeat" of the Teuto-Bulgars, followed within twelve hours by the story of an encirclement of the Russo-Rumanians and a retreat "in disorder," as we see now, were local phenomena written up as if they applied to the whole front of sixty miles or more. What does stand out from the various reports is the fact that Mackensen's great march around the Rumanian flank has been virtually brought to a standstill and that the situation is settling down to the familiar deadlock of the trenches. That condition, however, is enough to justify the verdict that Mackensen's great enterprise has failed.

Success in this particular operation was not to be measured by the scale obtaining elsewhere on the battle-front. Mackensen was not primarily sent out to win a victory in a particular sector. His was the great counterstroke for which observers have been waiting ever since the beginning of the Allied forward march under Brussiloff, Cadorna, Foch, and Haig. Mackensen's phalanx was to repeat the history of May, 1915. It was to smash a hole in the Allied line as wide as the gap which the German guns laid open between Cracow and the Carpathians last year. Through this gap it was to throw an army in the rear of the Rumanians on the one hand and of the Russians in Bukowina on the other, precisely as Mackensen's phalanx took in the rear the Russians in Poland and in the Carpathians. Just as the Russians in northern Poland fell back before Hindenburg because of what Mackensen had done to them in Galicia, so Brussiloff was to be forced away from Kovel and Lemberg by a shattering blow near the Danube. This purpose has been halted.

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At the beginning Mackensen's steam-roller seemed in as good condition as ever. The sudden capture of Turtukai fortress, with nearly 25,000 prisoners, was the characteristic opening smash. It was as large a haul of captives as was announced in the first day's report of the battle in Galicia a year ago last May; and that first day's record was the initial instalment in an account that mounted up in four months to a million prisoners. Would the event be repeated in the Dobrudja? For a week the thing seemed possible. Turtukai fell on September 7. On September 15 Berlin announced a decisive victory over the Russo-Rumanians, and Sofia spoke of the "destruction" of the enemy's forces. After the event one can see that in the very tone of the announcements of victory there was a significant change from May of a year ago. At that time the Teutonic bulletins contented themselves with the curt statement of great successes. It was the calm tone of a victor who was under no need to brag; the facts would show. It was different with the "decisive" victories and the "destroyed" enemy armies of last week. Teutonic self-confidence had lost its poise. And as a matter of fact, within a day or two Berlin had to acknowledge the arrival of enemy reinforcements, and then stubborn resistance by the enemy, and now a standstill which the enemy insists was a defeat. The tide of battle may still surge back and forth in the Dobrudja, but the important thing is that the conflict has been localized. Mackensen's operations have ceased to be strategic. They are now a detail in the European battle-front.

It is when we keep in mind the ultimate purpose of Mackensen's campaign that the significance of the check it has encountered appears. As a local operation Berlin may call it successful even if it makes no further progress. The professed purpose of German strategy, always to wage war on the enemy's soil, has been attained with regard to Rumania. But this purpose is really an after-thought born of German disappointments since the battle of the Marne. When von Moltke failed to destroy the French army in September, 1914, consolation was sought in the reflection that Germany was fighting on French soil. When the destruction of the Russian armies in September, 1915, failed to come off, consolation was sought in 100,000 square miles of Russian territory occupied by the Teutonic armies. Now it will be said that Germany has carried the war into Rumania, as it has done into every other enemy territory, but the fact will remain that the sole aim of German strategy, the annihilation of the enemy army, has not been attained. And with this failure has vanished the tradition of swift German vengeance on the little nations that presume to stand in the way. What happened to Belgium and to Servia has not happened to Rumania. That is a fact whose implications we may see any hour in Greece, where provinces are in revolt and Venizelos is openly threatening revolution if Constantine refuses to march against the Central Powers.

With the breakdown of Mackensen's forward movement, Germany passes to the defensive along the entire line. It was an effort which was months in the preparation. It will be months before another counter-stroke is delivered, if it ever comes at all.

WILL BRITISH FREE TRADE SURVIVE?

Never since the establishment of the policy of free trade in England, nearly three-quarters of a century ago, has it stood in such peril as appears to confront it to-day. The latest manifestation of the spirit which looks upon international trade not as economic co-operation but as economic warfare is to be found in the recent report of the London Chamber of Commerce recommending the establishment of a tariff system which shall not only be "protective" in the ordinary way, but shall be permeated through and through with discriminations based upon the degree of friendliness or hostility supposed to exist between the British Empire and the various nations of the world. So profoundly has the war shaken the foundations of all political thinking that this scheme, which two years ago would have seemed too fantastic for discussion, is now not only put forward by a great commercial body, but is so much in keeping with what had already been more or less distinctly outlined at the Allies' recent economic conference in Paris that it will undoubtedly figure as a practical proposal to be most seriously reckoned with.

Abhorrent as is the idea that England may take this plunge backward—not only repudiating its proud and splendid record of free trade, but actually going back to mediæval notions of international jealousy and ill-will—it is necessary to face the fact that the forces making in favor of it are extremely powerful. One argument for it which must be admitted to have a certain amount of truth is that drawn from the need of self-dependence in those things which are essential for national defence. If the proposed tariff were framed with an honest desire to do this and nothing more, there would be no great harm. But the difficulty is that, under cover of this more or less real necessity, British "tariff-reformers" will be sure to build up an enormous protectionist structure, having, for the most part, only the most tenuous or fantastic relation to that necessity. And unfortunately, in the present state of mind of a large part of the British public, even this pretext will not be necessary. A far less respectable motive will be regarded as quite good enough—the desire at once to help British industry and trade and to hurt that of Britain's enemies. Add to this the mere ordinary spirit of mercantilist protection, which, though kept under by the enlightened sentiment that has been predominant in British economic thought for three generations, has nevertheless been far from eradicated, and we have a situation anything but easy to grapple with.

Indeed, if one were to judge by the reception that has thus far been given to the proposals of a policy of economic vengeance after the war, one could find but little ground for hope that it will encounter anything like effective resistance. We believe, however, that the case is by no means so hopeless as surface indications would suggest. For this belief there are three reasons; whether they will prove to be adequate time alone can show. In the first place, at a time of consuming absorption in the practical demands of a titanic struggle and of profound stirring of passions and resentments, the voice of reason has small chance to be heard. It is those who counsel extreme measures, those who play up to the highest pitch of public feeling, that have at such a time the ear of the nation; and the day will come when the more sober voices will again get a hearing. Secondly, it must be remembered that the doctrine of free trade, though never before subjected to so intense a strain, has passed unscathed through more than one formidable and prolonged assault in England; it has, in the final test, shown a reserve power that brought its enemies to confusion. And there is one more consideration which we trust will prove most important of all. Over against the sinister new force now arrayed against free trade—the force of international ill-will—will be brought to bear all the moral force that can be commanded by those who see in the new policy the seeds of measureless evil.

It should be remembered to the lasting

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honor of the workingmen of Great Britain that one of the first notable protests against this proposed descent to Avernus was made at the annual meeting of the British Trades-Union Congress, recently held at Birmingham. It is worth while to cite once more the admirable words in which the president of the congress declared the position of the great body of workers for whom he spoke:

> Many there are, some from sordid motives, others with a desire for revenge, who speak and write exultantly of trade wars and tariff wars. We are not going to let it be supposed that we countenanced our entry into this terrible war for the purpose of capturing German trade.

That this declaration was greeted with an "outburst of loud and continued applause" is of most cheering augury. Will the note thus sounded and thus generously responded to be struck in the high places of the intellectual and political life of the nation? Upon the answer to that question turns an issue than which few are more vital to the future welfare of England and of the world. We all know what would happen if the present generation of Englishmen were so happy as to possess a few leaders like John Stuart Mill and John Bright and Richard Cobden. We know how their voices would be raised for the lasting principles of liberalism, of humanity, of justice, and good-will. We know, too, how powerfully, in the appeals of these men, the dictates alike of humane feeling and of far-sighted statesmanship would be fortified by the clear teachings of enlightened economic thought. Let us hope that that great breed may be found to be not wholly without its successors in the England of to-day. But whether leaders of this calibre can be found or not, it behooves all those Englishmen who hold dear one of the greatest of their country's traditions, and who see in its abandonment at this time in the sinister manner that is proposed the promise of woes immeasurable for all mankind, to gird themselves at once for a struggle that will test to the utmost all their virtue and all their strength.

A PHILOSOPHER OF IMAGINATION.

With the death of Josiah Royce, Harvard has lost in a half dozen years all of the group of men who made her long the leading American school of philosophy. At the same time the nation loses the second of the two contemporary philosophers whose genius could command an international hearing. Unlike his friend and colleague, William James, with whom he lived on terms of generous appreciation and no less cordial disagreement, Royce was by temperament first of all constructive. Both were men of original genius. But where James revelled in the discovery of new realms of experience and cared nothing for "abstractions," Royce, no less venturesome, loved to develop and harmonize their remoter implications. His whole philosophy inclined him, even while welcoming each newer development, to build upon the historical foundations, to emphasize agreements rather than differences, and to bring apparently discordant views to a harmonious understanding; at times, indeed, to the point of detecting harmonies in places most suspicious.

Upon the completed result we need not pass judgment. For it may be said that in the work of construction itself Royce rendered his most distinguished service. To put it all in a phrase, he reinstated in philosophical thinking the element of imagination. How much this means, only those can say who have been brought up upon the English empiricism which flourished from Locke to Spencer and in disguised form pervades the newer realisms and pragmatisms of to-day, and who have found it wanting. The watchword of this characteristically English school was "Caution." First the irrefragable bottom facts, and then not a step beyond except along a road of absolute and final security. As for God, freedom, and immortality—the place of man in the universe, the meaning of Nature, the relation of the temporal and the eternal, and the cosmic significance of good and evil—such questions are but traps laid for the discomfiture of the incautious; the consideration of such questions should at best be passed on to some future generation, to whom, perhaps, all the bottom facts of experience will be finally and determinately clear. One need not question the importance of this empirical emphasis for the advancement of science. Philosophically, however, it seems to many that after two centuries of cautious thinking we are still at the beginning of the programme; as Royce pointed out, it is still to be determined what constitutes a bottom fact. All that we have learned, it seems, is that the world is a form of experience in which some sensible qualities appear simultaneously, while others occur in succession, and still others have no discoverable relation. And if this be the sum-total of human philosophy, one feels inclined to take towards all philosophy the attitude of the Shah of Persia when he declined an invitation to the Derby; he knew that one horse could run faster than another—but what of it?

To one bred in the dull gray of this traditional empiricism Royce was a refreshment and an intellectual inspiration. From him one learned to hope that the province of human reason is not confined to an ascertainment of its own limitations; and by his warrant and example provinces of speculation were reopened in which imagination could—not roam, but work in the service of reason. Where the philosophical angels had long feared to tread, Royce ventured boldly. With Aristotle and the old-fashioned theologians he dared to speculate upon the being and the mind of God; to raise the question squarely, how the world of our human experience would be transformed for a consciousness more inclusive than our human consciousness; and in this connection to ask how it would be transformed for one whose spans of memory were longer. Undismayed, he ventured to attack once more the seemingly hopeless problem of evil and the not less baffling problem of human freedom in a divine or cosmic order. In such inquiries he was both genial and ingenious. One need not ask for a table of results; results in philosophy are not to be readily tabulated. The fact remains that he reopened abandoned provinces of thought and made speculative inquiry a rational as well as a genial pursuit.

The reply of the "cautious" philosopher was naturally to suggest that in Royce the philosopher had been displaced by the poet. This imputation Royce resented; and, one must say, justly. Among his fellow-professors of philosophy his scientific as well as his literary attainments were almost unequalled. He was an encyclopædic reader; and his mental vigor seemed equal to any task, however strange and unaccustomed. With some noticeable defects of style—a certain sonorousness and a tendency to repetition, due, perhaps, to the wealth of aspects in which a subject presented itself—he was a skilful writer and a master of philosophical exposition. Nor was he merely a "synthetic" philosopher. His critical analysis of psychological and epistemological facts showed not only subtlety and ingenuity, but for the most part—what is more important—spiritual insight. To the objections urged against the logical quality of his thought one might reply, with Royce, that in using imagination he was employing only the method necessary to characterize the actual fact. In speculating upon the divine mind he was but seeking a basis for a description of the actual human mind—just as the mathematician must investigate non-Euclidean spaces if he is to characterize our Euclidean space.

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Royce's claim was to be nothing if not an expositor of actual human experience; nothing, indeed, if not an experimentalist. But in his view the remote was involved in any analysis of the immediate, just as, for Pascal, the barometric pressure at the summit was a fact needed to explain the facts existing in the valley. In Royce's view, experiment in imagination and experiment in laboratory and field, however diverse in external appearance, were logically of the same order.

One may therefore hazard the guess that Royce's style of philosophizing was less at variance with logical and scientific methods of thinking than with a conventional and commonplace view of the world and of life. And perhaps this will explain why he has been the specially chosen target for the more recent pragmatisms and new realisms. The issue seems to be more than a choice of rival philosophies. It appears to be a question whether an imagination that raises questions lying beyond the immediate need and the immediate fact is not to be condemned—even with the heat of righteous indignation—as vicious trifling in an all too busy world. Philosophical conclusions are not a matter of taste; but when measured by this issue one cannot but feel that Royce was the true type of philosopher.

ECHEGARAY AND MODERN DRAMA.

The career of José Echegaray, who died on September 15, offers two-sided evidence for the contention that the drama is the easiest of literary roads to international reputations. Echegaray himself was much more than a dramatist. Besides having a governmental career as Minister of Commerce and of the Treasury, and Director of Public Works, he wrote on political economy and, after teaching in the School of Engineers at Madrid, published works of some importance in physics and mathematics; but outside Spain his reputation was wholly connected with the stage. He reminds us, again, that the only names of contemporary Spanish writers at all popularly known—Galdos, Quintero, Benavente, and his own—are of men known for plays. As Maeterlinck is more intimately known abroad than Verhaeren, Rostand and Brieux than Bourget or Bazin, Sudermann for his plays than for "Dame Care," Echegaray's "The Great Galeoto" has been read a thousand times more than any modern Spanish romance, and Galdos's "Electra" much more than his novels. The commonest college course in comparative literature is in the modern drama; it is the commonest of themes for study by leagues and organizations, its international character is manifest in the attempts of every amateur body of actors. In the United States, publishers, teachers, and drama leagues have carried such dramatic study farther than abroad, but the stage there also quickly breaks down linguistic lines.

Though a recipient of the Nobel Prize, and though hailed in Spain as a fit successor to Calderon and Lope de Vega, it would be easy to exaggerate Echegaray's merits. His plays, coming from a nation which at bottom has little of the intellectual unrest of other nations, were far from exhibiting the radicalism regarding moral standards in which Ibsen, Shaw, and Brieux have specialized. "Modernity" is little evident in them. Their chief merit is their lofty idealism, their conviction of the inevitable connection of sin and retribution, their felicity in the invention of situations, and the stern and rugged grandeur which is so seldom met in Spanish poetry, and which long led Spanish critics to liken Echegaray to Victor Hugo. "The Great Galeoto," now thirty-five years old, justified its sub-title of a world-drama by its breadth of human appeal, for it presents the power of slander to act as the intermediary in inducing people to commit a sin of which they would otherwise not have dreamed. The title is taken from Dante: in this specific situation the malicious innuendoes which a middle-aged man hears concerning his wife and his young protégé, and cannot help acting upon, first ruin the lives of the three and then drive wife and ward together. No other of Echegaray's many plays approaches it, for his next best-known, "The Son of Don Juan," is an obvious copy of "Ghosts," lacking the power of the latter though deriving some force from its connection with the famous Spanish legend. But these two were sufficient to rescue the Spanish stage from servile imitation of French classicism, and to give Spanish literature esteem with the many who think of Italian first in connection with D'Annunzio, of German with Sudermann and Hauptmann.

The catholic appeal of modern drama is largely due to the interrelations between its schools and forms, its responsiveness to general currents of thought, and the resultant ease with which its classifications cross frontiers. Yet the national element in Echegaray is unusually strong, in that he is the most important modern dramatist employing the ideals of honor that were once a frequent theme in the plays of Calderon, Corneille, and even Beaumont and Fletcher. His nation is one in which romantic conceptions of honor still play a part in daily life. In this element he is linked only with Sudermann, who has a play upon social strata entitled "Honor," and tenuously with the dramatists dealing with changing conceptions of feminine honor. His "Mariana" is a theatrical piece that ends in melodramatic speeches and much bloodshed, of truly Iberian conception throughout: a woman who distrusts her moral strength forces her husband to kill her to protect her from herself. His "Saint or Madman," again, is so Spanish that the resemblance of its hero to Don Quixote has repeatedly been pointed out. Like one of Ibsen's plays, it turns upon the discovery by the hero of facts which rectitude impels him to make public, but which will involve those about him in ruin. To restrain him his associates adopt a more politic course than those of the "Enemy of the People," representing him insane; and so over-refined is the impulse which has driven him to make known the real facts, which merely affect a family name unjustly assumed, that they succeed. In "The Great Galeoto," of course, the husband's too-sensitive honor is partly at fault. Yet the exotic and unreal "problems" in these plays have made them far more popular than the numerous others of a purely romantic character, and have not interfered with the seriousness with which they are studied. It is a tribute to Echegaray's dramatic power that he is able to give such verisimilitude to his situations.

In short, the Spanish dramatist is one of those who inspire us to wonder if the study of the "drama of ideas" is not overdone; for in his case his directly expressed social and ethical ideas are of small profit to the world as compared with purer literary qualities—vigor of verse, truth of characterization, fertility, and interest of action. The tremendous vogue of the comparative study of plays would stand on firmer foundations if in the case of such men it was founded on analysis that sought to get the dramatist's ideas of life rather than those of a specific social situation. To it we owe much gratitude, for it has furnished us with not a little of the cosmopolitan in our intellectual outlook, but it might sometimes be broader in quality. In some writers it is the implication of ideas in emotional incident and fine characterization that counts for most, not their specific statement; in Echegaray these amply atone for his somewhat unmodern themes and foreign conceptions.

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Foreign Correspondence

THE DIVIDING-UP OF EUROPE—INTERNATIONAL, NEUTRAL, CO-OPERATIVE, FEDERAL.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, September 10.

"It is complete Utopia," says my English friend when I set before him the Swiss plan to neutralize the entire Rhine and its western bank, from Switzerland to the sea.

"Is it more Utopian than to expect a German Ambassador to be received in Paris, where he will need an escort of cuirassiers to guard him the moment he sets foot in the streets?"

"A plain police squad would be fitter," answers my friend, dodging the question.

It is easy to cry "Utopia," and many are interested to do it, now that this present war is within sight of an end. It is to avoid the future war that Utopia is needed; and, unless it is realized under some form or other, future war is near.

It is understood that the completeness of the victory over Prussian militarism will be the measure of future safety. No one dreams of crushing the German people from existence—that is an absurdity. The question is how to prevent Prussian education starting off the German people on another march of aggression and conquest as soon as it recovers strength and spirits. For like causes will again and forever produce like effects.

All the ideas proposed before the war to secure permanent peace have been exploded. The signing of Hague conventions has the force of resolutions of women's peace meetings. The formal neutralization of Belgium and Luxemburg has guaranteed nothing. Disarmament by treaty is worth only any other scrap of paper. And the action of neutrals during this war, which involved from the beginning principles and agreements to which they had put their signature, is not encouraging for any future international militia for peace. So far as I have been able to understand the spontaneous thought of all Frenchmen and all French women at this period of the long, pitiless war, only the old, elementary idea remains of the victory which alone can secure peace. It is the classic idea of victory—the destruction of the enemy's military force, and full preparation of future defence on the part of France, in union with her allies.

The Swiss idea, at first blush, seems another vain reliance on treaties—and the one result of this war which has sunk deepest in the popular consciousness is distrust of Germany's signature to treaties.

Well, Bronson Alcott assured the New England Transcendentalists: Let an idea loose, and it will make its own way. So it may be with this Swiss idea. As nothing comes from nothing, as there must be previous potentialities for a new thing to become actual, I have made a summary inquiry as to the elements—*semina rerum*—which, since they already exist in Europe, might render possible the realization of such an idea. Really, it is not unlike the idea which President Eliot put forth at the beginning of the war—that a safeguard of the world's peace would be found in the extension of the federal system among the nations, and, I suppose, among dissenting parts of nations in Europe.

The internationalization of the River Danube has long existed and worked. It is a more practical example than Tangier for Constantinople. The "European Commission of the Danube" is intended to keep that river open to navigation. It has its seat at Galatz, in Rumania—and it is independent of the Rumanian Government. Its delegates (in 1910) were named by the seven contracting Powers—Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, Turkey—and Rumania. It has sovereign powers below Braila for the course of the Danube. It has a flag—five horizontal bands, red, white, blue, white, red, with the letters C.E.D. on the blue. Its regulations have force of law, and it has a police to enforce them. It levies taxes, borrows money, and executes public works. It pensions its technical staff, its employees, and its pilots. Besides its permanent seat at Galatz, it has at Sulina a permanent engineer, a captain of the port, and a marine hospital. And it had a public debt until 1887, when it gave an example to the other sovereign Powers of the world by paying up its debts completely.

There passed under this international commission's sovereign jurisdiction at Sulina, in 1909, vessels of all the contracting Powers, and of Rumania, Greece, and Belgium, to the number of 818; and of these 246 were British, and only 20 German, 127 Austrian and Hungarian, and 40 Turkish. It is in this week's news that Germany has notified Rumania: Henceforth neither England nor any of her allies will be allowed to take any part in the European Commission of the Danube.

It is not commonly known that another like international commission, exercising similar sovereign powers, exists for the River Pruth, of which we have heard so much in recent Russian fighting. The Danube Commission was constituted in 1856 in virtue of the sixteenth article of the Treaty of Paris. Its powers were amplified by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878; and they were prolonged in 1883 by the Treaty of London. The Mixed Commission of the Pruth is the result of an understanding of 1866 by Austria-Hungary, Rumania, and Russia.

If the Danube, why not the Rhine? Germans will still be free to keep their watch and sing on its right bank—and no one will make, or be able to try to make, an Alsace-Lorraine of its left bank.

This war has led to such universal skepticism of the observance of treaties that any mention of neutralization ends in vexation of spirit. Switzerland is not neutralized any more than the United States, at least not internationally by formal treaty; but she is neutral by her will and her army, which is a militia. Why should not Alsace-Lorraine, as a part of France, and the Rhenish provinces, as a constituent part of Germany, be joined to Switzerland at one end, and to Belgium and Holland at the other, in one unbroken territory, with a special international guarantee against offensive attack, and with armaments only for first defence? Then the threat of German hegemony, which implies the permanent danger of another war like this, would be averted—for a time.

Before crying out against such an idea, it would be well to remember several things too often forgotten by neutrals—and by Germans. The servitude which would thus be placed on German territory west of the Rhine has already been undergone by France, to her detriment, while Germany profited by it. The beginning of this war found the frontier of France which is contiguous with Belgium and Luxemburg unfortified—through overmuch confidence in neutralizing treaties. Germany meanwhile built her four-track military railways up to Verviers, on her own Belgian frontier, and into the very city of Luxemburg. France has never fortified her Swiss frontier. In the open country round Nancy, for other reasons, France left her territory more or less open to attack. In any of these regions, if France had begun taking the measures of defence which she needed so cruelly when the attack came, the German Emperor would have raised his mailed fist and clanked his sabre, and more than likely precipitated war. Does any one doubt it? The peace of Europe must no longer depend on whose ox is gored.

Notes from the Capital

TERENCE VINCENT POWDERLY.

The failure of Gompers to refresh his wilted prestige as a politician by carrying Maine for the Democrats must have given a thrill of real satisfaction to one man in Washington who used to be as constantly in the glare of the footlights as Gompers is to-day, but of late years has been only dimly discernible in the shadows of the background. This is Terence Vincent Powderly, once General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, now chief of a division in the Bureau of Immigration, which is performing an obscure but useful function in steering immigrants to the parts of the United States where they ought to go. Gompers's recent self-exploitation in connection with the threatened railway strike recalled to the memories of many old-timers a great strike of thirty years ago, from the ruinous effects of which the Missouri Pacific Railway, previously a fine property, has never quite recovered. The quarrel started with the discharge of an employee of the car-shops in Marshall, Tex., who belonged to the Knights, and, as that organization ramified widely through the country, a period of unrest and violence everywhere followed. Strikes for an eight-hour day occurred in all sorts of industries, and in Chicago a mob numbering eight thousand attacked the McCormick Reaper Works so savagely that the police were powerless to disperse it without killing several persons. The next night came the Haymarket riot, with its tragic aftermath, which dampened for a little the virulence of the professional agitators. All through the Missouri Pacific struggle Powderly was the dominant figure, and peaceful shareholders, opening their newspapers every morning, were wont to turn first to the column headed with his name in thick black letters, to see what chance they still had of getting back any of the savings they had invested in the road.

Jay Gould was president of the company, and when Congress presently undertook to investigate the matters in controversy, and subpœnaed Gould and Powderly simultaneously to testify at a committee hearing, the contrast between the two men was a fascinating study. Powderly, an alert, nimble-witted citizen of Irish descent, of full man's stature and stockily built, blond in type, with a ruddy complexion, a heavy, drooping moustache, and the faintest possible suggestion of an ancestral brogue, sat on one side of the long table, faced from the opposite side by Gould, an undersized, weasel-like man, whose

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colorless countenance was half-hidden by its frame of dark hair, moustache, and full beard, and whose shrewd, uncertain little eyes peered forth from beneath awning brows. The manners of the antagonists were about as unlike as one might expect from looking into their faces. Powderly was smooth, complacent, voluble. To all appearance, he wished to give the committee not only every bit of information it desired, but a trifle more for good measure. Gould was wary, furtive, non-committal, except on a few points where his deepest-seated vanities were stirred. He acted much as a man might who had found himself, without his own seeking, in the midst of a camp of deadly foes, and was not entirely sure which one of them had drawn the lot to butcher him. When a question was put to Powderly, he answered boldly, in a full voice, often with a gesture, of which a telling part was bringing his open palm down upon the table; and every time he did this, Gould, whose answers were pried out of him piecemeal and in a smothered tone, looked as if he were going to jump. The spectacle was one which nobody who witnessed it will ever forget, and derives some historic value from being, perhaps, the first in that national temple of inquisition where Labor, with a big L, and Corporate Capital, with a big double-C, confronted each other officially at so close quarters.

Powderly once explained to me how he came to leave the trade union to which, as a machinist, he originally belonged, and join the Knights of Labor. As I remember it, some emergency set him to ruminating on the selfish side of unionism, every union looking out as it does for number one—in other words, for the particular trade from which it is recruited. The Knights, on the other hand, had for their basic idea the community of interest of all manual workers. Anything, for instance, which puts a lot of machinists out of employment affects the miners also, and the foundry hands, because less coal and iron are needed for the machine-shops; the spinners, the weavers, the garment-makers, the operatives in the shoe-factories, the millers' men, the employees of the packing-houses and canneries, because the machinists' families have less to spend on food and clothing; and so on through the industrial chapter, the prosperity of every trade depending on the prosperity of other trades. A realization of this fact tends, he argued, to prevent strikes for foolish reasons. It also affords a logical ground for making common cause among a number of trades when trouble does come. Possibly his views were never better illustrated than by his own proposal, widely published during his era of supremacy, that when a workman empties a bottle of beer, it is his duty to break the bottle, so as to create for some other workman the job of making a new one!

Powderly's high standing in the labor world suffered seriously when he carried his leadership into politics. He was more successful, perhaps, than Gompers has been thus far, but he has had so many ups and downs that, in figuring the net total, one is moved to wonder whether the downs have not at least taken the taste out of the ups. Gompers would do well to review the vicissitudes of his old rival before carrying his own campaigns much further, in the light of the possibility that Organized Society may have some rights as sacred as the rights of Organized Labor, and a not less decisive way of asserting them when its patience has been overtaxed.

TATTLER.

A Bluestocking of the Restoration

By PAUL E. MORE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE.

I.

The collected works of the famous, or notorious, Aphra Behn, attractively printed, offer a desirable addition to the library of the scholar or the gentleman, and both these model men of letters will thank Mr. Summers for his industry as editor and biographer.* But beyond zeal in collecting material and furnishing helpful annotations I question whether praise can honestly go. It is rather a pity that Mr. Summers should have followed the primrose path of pedantry in reproducing the original typography. Such a procedure at once looks learned and saves labor, but the profit to any one is obscure, and Mrs. Behn's prose, in particular, would have been made more comfortable for the "good, sweet, honey, sugar-candied reader," as she calls the like of us, by the adoption of modern spelling and punctuation.

And so in the biographical sketch introducing the first volume it may appear that the editor's zeal outruns his judgment. Some of the points in his characterization of Mrs. Behn need verification: one would like, for instance, remembering the temper of Grub Street in those days, to be more fully assured that she was a "warm helper and ally of every struggling writer." Nor is the critical reader likely to be content with Mr. Summers's treatment of the more concrete facts of her life. In 1884 Mr. Edmund Gosse published in the *Athenæum* a note of the Countess of Winchelsea from a manuscript volume of her poems, to this effect:

> Mrs. Behn was Daughter to a Barber, who liv'd formerly in Wye, a little Market Town (now much decay'd) in Kent. Though the account of her life before her Works pretends otherwise; some Persons now alive Do testify upon their Knowledge that to be her Original.

Now, why should Mr. Summers accept this statement of the birthplace of Mrs. Behn, yet reject the trade of her father? "We know," he says, "from recent investigation that John Amis did not follow a barber's trade, but was probably of good old stock." If there is any positive investigation of this sort, he should have given it. In itself it is of the slightest importance whether Amis was or was not a barber, but the answer has some bearing on a question that concerns the lady's veracity as an author, and it is to this larger matter Mr. Summers is looking.

Mrs. Behn pretends that her story of "Oroonoko" is based on her personal observations in Surinam. It has been generally believed that her father was appointed Governor of the colony, and that the daughter, then unmarried, sailed with him to America and continued her voyage after his death at sea. According to her own account she was received with honors at Surinam and lodged in the best house of the colony. In two trenchant articles (in the "Kittredge Anniversary Papers," 1913, and the Publications of the Modern Language Association, Vol. XXVIII) Mr. Ernest Bernbaum has undertaken to discredit this whole Surinam story as a piece of fiction, and one of his points is the unlikelihood that a man professionally a barber should have been appointed Governor of a colony; hence these tears of Mrs. Behn's latest defender. It may be true that Mr. Bernbaum, on his side, has been overindustrious in skepticism; possibly the lady really was in some part of America, as she protests in her novel and elsewhere; but, certainly, Mr. Summers has made out a poor case for the defence. "I was an eye-witness," she says, "to a great part of what you will find here set down, and what I could not be witness of I received from the mouth of the chief actor." That sounds categorical enough, but, as a matter of fact, it is the mere trick of a pretended realism. In another of her novels, "The Fair Jilt," she makes the same sort of protest, announcing herself an eye-witness of the events and asserting that "every circumstance, to a tittle, is truth"; though how any sane critic can regard this tale otherwise than as a bit of romantic fiction, is more than I can understand. To return to "Oroonoko," I think Mr. Bernbaum entirely right in holding that the perfectly fantastic account of the scenery and fauna of Surinam is an indication, so far as it is evidence at all, that the author was never in that part of the world. In both physical and moral traits her portrait of Oroonoko himself is unreal to the last degree; it is so palpably romance that I for one am amazed at the traditional gullibility of historians of literature. "The royal slave she unquestionably knew, and knew well," says Prof. H. S. Canby, in "The Short Story in English."

So, again, Mr. Bernbaum has, I think, proved that much of the accepted business of Mrs. Behn's activities as an English political spy is invention. Even Mr. Summers admits that in the "History of the Life and Memoirs of Mrs. Behn," by Charles Gilden, "a romance, full as amorous and sensational as any novel of the day, has been woven about her sojourn at Antwerp." Why, then, when it comes to matters that he desires to believe, does he declare it impossible "that her contemporaries should have glibly accepted the fiction of a voyage to Surinam and a Dutch husband named Behn who never existed"?

II.

Mr. Summers's zeal to reëstablish the heroic legend of Mrs. Behn's life is more creditable to his heart than to his head. These are the bare facts we know: Aphra (or Ayfara or Aphara) Amis (or Amies), who later, rightly or wrongly, called herself Mrs. Behn, was born at Wye in 1640, her father being probably a barber. In her youth she may have been in America. In 1666 she was at Antwerp in the service of

**The Works of Aphra Behn.* Edited by Montague Summers. Six volumes. London: William Heinemann; Stratford-on-Avon: A. H. Bullen.

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the English spy system, and like other agents of the sort got more promises than cash in pay for her troubles. She returned to England in 1667, and "the rest of her life," as the early Memoir says, "was entirely dedicated to pleasure and poetry, the success in which gained her the acquaintance and friendship of the most sensible men of the age, and the love of not a few of different characters; for though a sot have no portion of wit of his own, he yet, like Old Age, covets what he cannot enjoy!"

Her literary ventures can be followed, and some of her friendships of a more or less dubious character. Naturally, she had to run the gantlet of malediction, as it was raised to a fine art in those days by the gentlemen of Grub Street; to one of these, an ironist, she was a "chaste Sappho," to the infamous Tom Brown she was—like the rest of his world. We may discount the ribaldry, yet suspect that a woman who could dedicate a lewd play to "Mrs. Ellen Guin," as an "excellent and perfect creature" nearly akin to the "divine powers," might be of easy morality. Col. Colepepper declared her to be "a most beautiful woman," and Lely's portrait of her does not much contradict him. Life went hard with her, as it did with others of her sex who had the temerity to enter the battle of the wits. They all learned too late the truth of Lansdowne's couplet:

> In Fate's eternal volumes it is writ,
> That women ever shall be foes to wit.

She died in 1689, and was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. On the marble slab that covers her remains are graven these two lines:

> Here lies a Proof that Wit can never be
> Defence enough against Mortality.

III.

The desire of Mr. Summers to reëstablish the legend of his heroine's life is easily explained by the natural desire of an editor to make the most of his subject, and the same explanation will apply to his exaggerated estimate of the literary value of her works. He may be justified in rebuking as "mid-Victorian" (the most approbrious epithet conceivable to modern enlightenment) Miss Julia Kavanaugh's denunciation of Mrs. Behn's indelicacy as "useless and worse than useless, the superfluous addition of a corrupt mind and vitiated taste." Such a style of criticism is at least unhistorical, nor is the immorality of her comedies so much a "superfluous addition" as an essential element of the wit of the day. Mr. Doran, also, had certainly lost the sense of perspective when he declared that "No one equalled this woman in downright nastiness save Ravenscroft and Wycherley. . . . She was a mere harlot, who danced through uncleanness and dared them [the male dramatists] to follow." She had not quite this preëminence of evil. But Mr. Summers goes to the other extreme when he slurs over her impudicity as a mere "wantoning beyond the bounds of niggard propriety." To belittle in this way the importance of ethical truth in literature is to surrender the most decisive instrument in the hands of the critic. It is equally unhistorical to select Mrs. Behn for special reprobation and to affect a callousness to the vicious character of the whole movement to which she belongs. Furthermore, apart from the moral question and in the matter of ability alone, there is some partiality in ranking her as a comedian "with the greatest dramatists of her day." That is surely to place her a grade too high. Again, in relation to her work as a novelist, eminent as her position here undoubtedly is, Mr. Summers would have been wiser not to make a parade of Macaulay's words "that the best of Defoe was 'in no respect . . . beyond the reach of Aphra Behn.'" I have not tried to trace the context of Macaulay's statement, but it is a palpable absurdity to say that anything in "Oroonoko" or "The Fair Jilt" has the touch of creative power displayed in the great scenes of "Robinson Crusoe."

No, the common estimate is right in placing Mrs. Behn below the greatest names of the Restoration, though there may still be some injustice in the degree of neglect which she has suffered, and which we may thank Mr. Summers for attempting to bring to an end. Of her comedies I should say that the distinguishing mark is just the absence, or at least the very rare appearance, of that force of original genius which one feels in Congreve and Wycherley, and the presence of a fruitful cleverness in working and recombining what was then the common material of the stage. In a certain sense, I admit, the originality of any of these writers is of rather a low degree, for it would be hard to point to any outstanding literary movement more hide-bound by convention than this whole Restoration drama. The formula may be found in almost any comedy of the period, but for their neatness I take the speeches of two of Wycherley's ladies in a single scene. "Foh!" cries one of the knowing females of "The Country Wife" (II, i), "'tis a nasty world"; and another is more specific, in characterizing a gentleman of their world: "I'm satisfied you are of the society of the wits and raillieurs, since you cannot spare your friend, even when he is too civil to you; but the surest sign is, since you are an enemy to marriage." It is scarcely too much to say that the voluble battle of words which makes the sum of Restoration wit is little more than an endless ringing of the changes on these two sapient utterances.

From these profoundly philosophical aphorisms, applied selectively to the material of comedy as it was passed across the Rebellion, comes the authoritative rule for plot and characterization. The earlier ebullience of spirits is sharpened to a professional game of wit, which seeks to pierce the mask of apparent decency and to make a jest of indecency. The play of the passions, in which love, or lust, had naturally from the first been predominant, is contracted to this field alone, and desire is regarded as genuine only when it is illegitimate. Hence the two motives that govern the puppets of the stage: the ambition to get the better of your friend or enemy in clever persiflage, and the game of chasing down some woman—or it may be a woman who pursues the man—with a running fire at the baseness of marriage as an obstacle to the sport.

IV.

It will appear that I, for one, do not feel towards these writers as Charles Lamb professed rather whimsically to accept them. It is pleasant enough, no doubt, now and then "to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience," and there may be a healthy relaxation in getting at times into a complete "privation of moral light"—if it weren't for the odor! The smell of the thing in that darkness cannot be concealed; the very reek and noisomeness of it prevent you from walking there for long as in a place of immaterial fancy. Nor can I accept Mr. Summers's plea for the makers of this comedy. "There has been," he says, "no more popular mistake, nor yet one more productive, not merely of nonsense and bad criticism, but even of actual malice and evil, than the easy error of confounding an author with the characters he creates." The error is common enough and easy enough—Mr. Summers himself falls into it headlong in his effort to reëstablish the legendary life of his heroine—but however true it may be that a good author may create bad characters, it is also true that we ought to hold him to account for the moral atmosphere, so to speak, in which he envelops his characters. It is a nasty thing to take complacence in creating a nasty world, and there's an end on't.

On the other hand, it is equally difficult to accept the position held by Mr. Bernbaum in his otherwise excellent study, recently published, of "The Drama of Sensibility." With the performance of Colley Cibber's "Love's Last Shift," in 1696, he sees the introduction of a new principle, which gradually usurped the place of the traditional philosophy and, spreading from one branch of literature to another, was to change our whole view of life. The regular, or classical, comedy was based on the belief that human nature is essentially evil, or at least, to admit the exact reservation of Mr. Bernbaum's language, on the belief "that the majority of men and women were very imperfect creatures." It undertook to strip off the disguises of society and expose the actual folly and vice behind them. Like Wycherley's Manly, the comedian "spoke ill of most men because they deserved it." The new school of writers would proceed on the very opposite principle.

> Confidence in the goodness of average human nature [says Mr. Bernbaum] is the mainspring of sentimentalism. That confidence became in the eighteenth century the cardinal point of a new gospel, and the underlying ethical principle of a new school of literature. It was the fundamental assumption of the dramatists of sensibility. Richard Steele recommends one of his sentimental comedies because it "makes us approve ourselves more."

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Denis Diderot, the enthusiastic advocate of sentimentalism in drama and in life, writes:

> I repeat it—the virtuous, the virtuous. It touches us in a manner more intimate and more sweet than whatever excites our contempt and our laughter. Poet, are you a man of sensibility and of tender feelings? Then strike that note, and you will hear it resound or tremble in every heart.
>
> "Do you mean to say that human nature is good?"
>
> Yes, my friend; it is very good. Water, air, earth, fire—everything in nature is good. . . . It is wretched conventionalities that pervert man. Human nature should not be accused.

Hence it would be the aim of the new literature to represent evil as an accident of conduct imposed on the erring individual by some conspiracy of fate or constraint of society; instead of lashing or ridiculing the vicious and the foolish, the new comedy would appeal to our sympathy for them as the victims of circumstance; instead of affecting us with indignation or laughter, it would evoke our tears.

This distinction in itself is important and true, and Mr. Bernbaum has done a real service to letters in drawing it out historically. But it is questionable whether he has not fallen into error, or at least into some degree of disproportion, in his ethical judgment of the regular comedy of the Restoration; whether, that is, he has not failed to perceive the specific note of this comedy as distinguished from the broader and more genuinely human character of what may be called classicism. To him Congreve and Wycherley and Mrs. Behn and the rest of them seem not to have been, as I represent them, wallowing contentedly in nastiness, but were attempting to reform their world by holding the mirror up to nature after the traditional manner of the satirist. To support this view he cites a number of passages from the prologues and introductions of the day, which, it must be admitted, are pertinent and convincing, if taken at their face value. Thus he quotes Vanbrugh's defence of himself: "The business of comedy is to show people what they should do by representing them upon the stage doing what they should not do." He might have extended indefinitely the list of these virtuous declarations, including, for instance, Mrs. Behn's lofty appeal in one of her dedicatory letters to Cardinal Richelieu's avowal that plays are "the schools of virtue, where vice is always either punished or disdained; they are secret instructions to the people in things that 'tis impossible to insinuate into them any other way, etc." But the question is whether these noble protestations are to be taken at their face value. No doubt these purveyors of amusement felt the twinges of conscience at times, and tried to flatter themselves by posing as the moral censors of the age; but I strongly suspect that their pious sentiments were in part uttered in pure self-defence, with a good tinge of hypocrisy, and in part were mere echoes of the commonplace of Renaissance criticism which sought to justify the existence of literature by its ethical effect. I suspect that the Lady Aphra was speaking closer to the mark for herself and her contemporaries when, in the Epistle prefixed to another of her comedies, she said:

> In my judgment the increasing number of our latter plays have not done much more towards the amending of men's morals, or their wit, than hath the frequent preaching which this last age hath been pestered with. . . . As for comedy, . . . it hath happened so spitefully in several plays which have been pretty well received of late, that even those persons that were meant to be the ingenious censors of the play have either proved the most debauched or most unwitty people in the company. Nor is this error very lamentable, since, as I take it, comedy was never meant either for a converting or a conforming ordinance.

So Mrs. Behn took her art when she spoke sincerely. These plays were designed for amusement, to bring a new zest into a life haunted by the fear of *ennui*, and as the audience for whom they were primarily composed got its pleasure out of debauchery, they were themselves simply debauched. Those who, like Charles Lamb, find a note of exhilaration in the very perfection of this immorality, are playing paradoxically with their own innocence; while those who, like Mr. Bernbaum, look upon such a literature as "a converting or a conforming ordinance," have, I fear, lost for the moment their historical sense. As for the latter view, let us test the example which Mr. Bernbaum himself upholds as an illustration of honest satire and defends against the censures of the "serious moralists" who had begun to decry the corruption of the stage. The plot of Wycherley's "Country Wife," from which we have already selected two speeches as characteristic of Restoration comedy, is built about a simple and, for the purpose, admirable device. The hero, a Mr. Horner of ominous name, having returned to the city from France, bribes a quack doctor to spread the report that he is "as bad as an eunuch," and thus acquires easy access to the free votaresses of pleasure and to the wives of jealous husbands. He is, as Steele describes him in the *Tatler* of April 16, 1709, "a good representation of the age in which that comedy was written: at which time love and wenching were the business of life, and the gallant manner of pursuing women was the best recommendation at court." The moral censors complained that the dramatist had made him successful in his illicit amours and had let him escape without reprimand.

To this charge Mr. Bernbaum replies that "Horner's successes were a necessary means to the satiric ends of the play—to the thorough exposure of Mrs. Fidget and Mrs. Squeamish, women who were at heart unchaste, but who were scrupulously careful of their reputation, and the hollowness of whose virtue could not have been fully demonstrated except under the circumstances which Horner created. These women, as well as Pinchwife and Margery, comprised the principal objects of Wycherley's satire, and were duly punished; but it was a practical impossibility to visit poetic justice upon every character of the play." Now Mr. Bernbaum is no doubt right in saying that the object of the play was the exposure of pretension, although he rather unduly limits the scope of the satire: one need look at the first scene only to see that the exposure includes the pretension of a Sparkish to wit as well as that of a Mrs. Fidget and a Mrs. Squeamish to chastity. That double theme of ridicule was in fact the constant and infallible resource of all the comedians, but we shall miss the point entirely if we fail to observe a radical difference in their modes of attacking these two forms of charlatanry. The name of virtue was in their eyes equivalent to the assumption of something that did not exist. I do not, of course, mean such a statement to be taken too absolutely, for they could not altogether forget that they were human beings even when they wrote for the stage. The cleverest of the rogues may suffer the defeat of marriage, and a play may end with the seeming propriety of a Victorian novel, but no one is deceived: the priest is only pander writ large. In this very play, "The Country Wife," there is a virgin who utters an occasional sentiment both virtuous and magnanimous, and various other decent characters managed to show themselves on the stage without contamination; but they are extremely few and mostly fools; the whole zest of this world of the footlights lay in the "privation of moral light."

With the matter of wit, however, it was different. These stimulators of pleasure for the court may not have believed in virtue, or may have believed very feebly, but they had a strong conviction of the reality and value of wit. Indeed, the soul of wit lay in its ability to detect the hollowness of pretending to a thing that did not exist, and in its power to "accelerate felicity" out of what one of Mrs. Behn's women calls the "volubility and vicissitude in human affairs." It was no mechanic limit to the possibility of visiting poetic justice that tied Wycherley's hands; his lusty scapegrace escaped censure because by a clever and successful ruse he proved himself a true hero of wit. In this "The Country Wife" may justly be regarded as a model play of its school: it does not penalize vice, but only the profession of virtue; folly is satirized, whether in its own dull complacent self or in its pretension to wit; but the worst of all offenders is the pretender at once to wit and successful vice, of which damnable hypocrisy Mr. Horner is the shining opposite.

V.

Ethically considered this wit of the Restoration belongs to a brief interval of transition, and needs to be distinguished from what preceded and what followed. In one point its tone may seem to agree with that of the classical and Renaissance schools, but even here the difference is more significant than the resemblance. In the earlier writers the darkness of evil is brought out by an implied or explicit contrast with the light of an ideal of some sort, with the result that we have in them true satire; the ideal may not be very high, it may be almost lost, so that satire fades away into the license of

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rollicking fun; but it is not denied as a convention, and it can be found lurking somewhere in the background, if not in full sight. Even in the comedy of a Fletcher, where the belief in virtue is already vanishing in a cloud of indifference, there is a feeling of abundant animal life which still retains the faculty of resisting a universal corruption. But with the gloomy failure of the Commonwealth of the saints a change comes. It was the very creed of those who were now thrown to the surface in the boiling caldron of the age to deny the reality of those ideas of virtue and sanctity which had been the occasion of so much confusion. So Robert Gould writes his "Satire Against Man," half in the skeptical tone of the reigning school, half in a spirit of alarm at the completeness of their skepticism:

Slave to his passions, ev'ry sev'ral lust
Whisks him about, as whirlwinds do the dust;
And dust he is indeed, a senseless clod,
That swells, and would be yet believed a God. . . .

That is Gould's own notion of mankind, but he has the proper indignation against the wits who live and write accordingly:

But that we may the monster undisguise
We'll first (as in the scale of truth it lies)
Lay open what a modern wit implies:
An impious wretch that Scripture ridicules,
And thinks the men that dare not do it fools;
A lustful goat, who to be fully known
For what he is, does pick and cull the town
For maids and wives——

the rest is better unquoted.

The ethos of the Restoration wits was, as a whole and with due reservations, not so much satire as complacent cynicism. Out of this cynicism the drama of sensibility, preluding the rise of a whole new literature, came as a natural reaction, but it introduced an error as vicious in its consequences as that against which it revolted. At least the cynicism of disillusion was free of the lying spirit of flattery, the cowardly fear of facts, which has spread like a mouldy disease through so much of modern writing. "In this book," said Dr. Johnson of Lord Kames's "Sketches of the History of Man," laying his finger as usual on the quick of the matter, "it is maintained that virtue is natural to man, and that if we would but consult our own hearts, we should be virtuous. Now, after consulting our own hearts all we can, and with all the helps we have, we find how few of us are virtuous. This is saying a thing which all mankind know not to be true." Far nearer the truth was the development of the wit of cynicism into the wit of satire, as we see it in Swift and Pope. I would not place the ethos of this new satire too high; it retained too much of the earlier cynicism, and restored too little of the purer vision which was lost—lost for how long a time? But the indignation of a Swift was altogether a sounder passion than the mockery of a Rochester, and the law of hatred that governed the little band of Tories who fell with Bolingbroke, indiscriminate though it may seem, was a tonic restorative after the kind of laughter that succeeded in the court of Charles II.

In regard to the literary value of the comedy in which Mrs. Behn made her name critics will differ according to the degree of importance they attach to ethical tone as a factor of interest and according to the measure of their resistance to the deadening effects of monotony. For my part a few of these plays—notably two or three of Congreve's and Wycherley's—never fail to intrigue me by their audacity and by their extraordinary resources within their narrowly circumscribed field; but in general the conventions of the *genre* are so apparent and so tyrannical that my attention soon flags, and I find myself yawning. The Roman Emperor discovered long ago the monotony of mere vice, but vice grows really pitiful when it has no more variety than it seems to have offered to these hard-worked panders of the stage. One often wishes they had taken to heart the advice of Rochester:

Farewell, woman, I intend
Henceforth every night to sit
With my lewd well-natured friend,
Drinking to engender wit.

I suspect the conversion of Rochester in the end was due less to the pious ministrations of Dr. Burnet than to the memory of the frightful *ennui* that had pursued him and his kind in their heartless search for diversion. "The hand of God touched him; . . . it was not only a general dark melancholy over his mind, such as he had formerly felt, but a most penetrating cutting sorrow."

The Victory

The great, broken Victory,
With mighty wings and breast,
Back-flowing robes, and light
Feet that are touched with flight;
The white, moving Mystery,
Eternally storm-pressed—
Ah, what is she?

I watch her royal pose,
Her strong wings backward beating,
And her proud bosom, meeting
A wind that harshly blows;
And the heart within me cries
For sight of those lost eyes!
How all the might of her
Would gather in their gaze,
And all the light of her
Flame in their morning-rays!

But, as I watch, I see
My dream take form!
Above the wings' wide grace,
Against the burning blue,
Grows dimly into view
A white ecstatic face,
With listening look intent
In the deep heedful eyes,
As one, with force unspent,
Who hears wild thunders rise,
And meets the storm!

The great, living Victory,
With mighty wings and breast,
With passionate conflict stressed,
And that high, visioned face
Wrought in supernal space,
Ah, who is she?
Steadfast, yet gracious; fleet,
And magically strong,—
Hers are the venturing feet,
Hers are the lips of song,
And hers the starry glance—
The flaming soul—of France!

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

Correspondence

THE TEMPER OF THE BRITISH NATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To realize the value of events requires both imagination to picture and adequate facts from which imagination can construct a mental view, but few men possess the former gift, even if they have the material to which it may be applied. It is, therefore, inevitable that Americans—3,000 miles from Europe—should fail to realize the present temper of the British nation in this the third year of the war, for they lack the essential opportunity of observation. They cannot grasp the magnitude of the issues involved now completely appreciated and absorbed by every one in England, from the humblest villager to the wealthiest nobleman, nor perceive that out of this comprehension has grown a very deep national determination, national in the sense that it is common alike to the dominions beyond the seas and to the people of the British Isles. This national determination may be described as an inflexible will to see the business through. In history no such universal, complete, and unbending democratic determination has ever been seen, for this is the first time that in Europe an intelligent self-governing democracy has made up its mind to carry through an immense military undertaking. In these opening months of the third year of the war one cannot mistake this arresting feature, characterized by a quiet confidence, by a sober cheerfulness, by a national pride inherent in a people which can count its history by centuries, and by a national adaptability which in the past has overcome extraordinary obstacles in all parts of the world. It is now the national business to defeat Germany utterly. It is well to use the word business, for it best describes the normality to which the carrying on of war has come. But because the word business is used let it not be supposed that the business is based on mercantile ideas. War has become the national business because of the national grasp of the vast issues involved—freedom against servitude, democracy against autocracy, the rescue of the rights of nationalities, the vindication of justice and law against fraud and violence—in a word, the British people, men and women, understand and feel that they are fighting for the cause of civilization against barbarism, a barbarism which is the more loathsome because it pretends to be civilization. No temper could forebode greater dangers for Germany, since Justice, with a sword in her hand, is more formidable than armed ambition or armed territorial greed. A temper of this quality passes sentence, and then proceeds inevitably and inexorably to execution as the last phase, an

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execution which vindicates outraged Justice.

This temper is one, also, which neutral nations, should any interfere between the combatants, will find immovable. It is the temper of the policeman whose work is hindered by a well-intentioned passer-by. The intruder will be quietly placed on one side; he has nothing to do with the matter. He is an interloper. The affair is in the hands of the man of justice. The policeman, like the British people, is quite cool. The British have taken up arms to defend abstract principles of justice. They have not been injured, as have the French and the Russians, by the invasion of their country. Actuated by these motives, the nation has become absolutely relentless. Death, taxation, the daily interruption of all currents of normal existence, will not prevent, in conjunction with its allies, the carrying out of its fixed purpose.

This temper, which cannot be perceptible to those who are not mixing in the daily life of England, has been well expressed in the verse of an Oxford student, a young poet of no little promise, who left his books to become a soldier, and has fallen on the battlefields of France:

Sing me the dead men's glorious deeds again!
Tell how they suffered, died, but would not fail.
Stir me to action! Let me feel their pain,
Their strength, their mystery: that at the tale
I rise with such clear purpose in my brain
That even Hell's own gates should not prevail.

The "clear purpose" which actuated the Oxford scholar is equally the motive power of millions, as he wrote on another page:

Oh! England sometimes think of him, of thousands only one,
In the dawning, or the noonday, or the setting of the sun,
For to him and many like him there seemed no other way,
The giving up of all things for ever and for aye.

This sacrifice is the product of no ephemeral national mood, but of an inflexible national temper, and in the completion of the national purpose no obstacle can be placed which will not be overcome. The historian of the future will hereafter describe the approaching victory of the Allies as the triumph of militant democracy due to an unshakable democratic power to vindicate elementary principles of justice and freedom. E. S. Roscoe.

Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks, Eng., August 14.

"NEUTRAL" ON WILSON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The nine columns of wit and pleasantry in your issue of September 14, signed "Neutral," regarding Mr. Wilson's conduct in office, offer matter debatable, at least. Should we admit the implied point of the conclusion, "Are we planning to elect an executive officer or a legislative leader?" This question, put from the stump, might well get some such response as, "Gwan, we want Wilson." But argument, it has been long contended, should not be after that manner. However, reasoning the matter out as closely as possible, do we want Wilson, with all his natural inhibitions and his past record? Very many people think they do, and are quite willing to risk letting Congress take care of itself, in the event of any issue being raised as to how narrowly executive the President should be. It is pretty safe as a guess to guess that the essential habits of Congress are not going to be changed in a hurry.

Really, indeed, by what micrometric method could anybody (a great deal more neutral than Neutral), set out to determine and get anywhere in determining how executive, and nothing else, any President has been or can be? A man is made President, of course, not alone by his character: but give him a very pronounced character, and make him President. What, then, can you expect?

A. J. Morrison.

Prince Edward Co., Va., September 16.

INTERFERENCE WITH MAILS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having but lately become aware of an article headed "Changes in German Opinion," which appeared in your issue of August 17, I beg to express my astonishment that this serious interference with the rights of American citizens should be treated so lightly, or almost humorously.

You make fun of "the inscrutable wisdom of the British censor," who considers German papers less dangerous for British subjects than for American citizens. To me this matter seems to be of very serious import. We are at peace with Germany, though that country is at war with Great Britain. Consequently, there is no more reason for our being prevented from reading what the newspapers of Germany publish than there would be for preventing our acquaintance with British public opinion. Is it not an insult to the American flag, a phrase so much used in our days, that a mail pouch, sealed with the seal of the United States, is not protected by our Government more energetically than by empty protest, which, so it appears, is not supposed to be taken seriously.

Article 1 of the Hague Convention of October 18, 1907, guarantees the inviolability of mail, both of neutrals and belligerents, both of an official and of a private character, when on high seas, on board of a neutral or other ship. We have heard so much indignation about international treaties being called a scrap of paper. Is this Hague Convention not a scrap of paper?

The British censorship is, as the published blacklist shows, intended, to a large extent, to interfere with our material interests. It is, in the case of newspaper men, a serious interference with their legitimate work, robbing them of information, which is of inestimable value to their work. It is an interference with the most sacred rights of humanity. Citizens of the United States have near relatives in the countries at war with Great Britain. Is it not a serious encroachment upon the rights of citizens of the United States when they are prevented from knowing the fate of brothers and nephews, fighting in the German or Austrian army, or from being permitted to communicate with their own parents?

While fully conscious of the unpopularity of this comparison, I venture to offer the following. The country was astir with indignation over the Lusitania incident. Germany contended that announcing an attack of submarine boats on all ships of her enemies was tantamount to a blockade. Our Government denied this claim, under the contention that a citizen of a neutral country had the right to travel on belligerent ships, so long as they were not men-of-war, and that ships armed for defence are peaceful merchantmen. Great Britain herself had, during the Russian war with Japan, a different opinion. The British Consul at Shanghai, in 1904, issued the following proclamation: "All subjects of the Crown are notified that the British Government will not undertake to be responsible for the safety of any British subject leaving this port on a ship of either of the belligerent nations." If President Wilson had accepted the German view, he would have merely followed a precedent given by Great Britain. He did not, and Germany yielded.

While not wishing to place the loss of mail on a level with the loss of human life, I make bold to assert that, if Germany's view on submarine war had been accepted by the United States Government, her citizens would have merely suffered an inconvenience, but would not have been helpless in preventing an encroachment upon their rights. They might still have gone to France or Great Britain on neutral ships, but in the case of the seizure of mails they are absolutely helpless. Mr. Wilson, in dealing with this question, has shown either a weakness, which will seriously prejudice the interests of the United States in the future, or a partisanship in favor of the Entente Allies which harmonizes very badly with his denunciation of those who refuse to proclaim the principle of "America first."

Gotthard Deutsch.

Cincinnati, September 5.

A TEXTUAL ELUCIDATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The review of Emmanuel's "La Danse Grecque Antique" (*Nation*, August 10, p. 135) closes with these words: "In the absence of the French text, which it seems is out of print, we are completely baffled by the statement on p. 5: 'The compilation made by J. Meursius in 1618 is a laborious enumeration, made in alphabetical order, of all the expressions used by a philologist of Holland relating to the dance.'"

The natural perplexity of your reviewer is completely removed by the French original, which reads (p. 5): "La compilation de J. Meursius, parue en 1618, n'est qu'une laborieuse énumération, par ordre alphabétique, de tous les mots qui ont paru au philologue hollandais désigner une danse."

It is to be hoped that this is not a typical example of the translator's knowledge of French. J. M. Paton.

Cambridge, Mass., August 11.

In Memory of My Teacher

JOSIAH ROYCE.

Oh, for one deep and lucid mind we mourn,
An eye that on the sun of truth has gazed,
Nor ever turned away, like others, dazed—
A soul that travelled over paths unworn,
And searched the hidden deeps and knew no bourne,
A soul that yet its glance in wonder raised,
Like children at a miracle amazed,
And plucked white flowers out of weed and thorn.

We mourn, yet know that in a rarer clime
He dwells with sages and with seraphim,
Free from the fetters and the weight of clay
And from the passions of a gloomy time—
And we shall never let the flame grow dim
That he has lit, a beacon on our way.

Margarete Muensterberg.

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Literature

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

America's Foreign Relations. By Willis Fletcher Johnson. Two volumes. New York: The Century Co. $6 net.

Foreigners have often been impressed with the ordinary American's smug self-satisfaction and blissful ignorance of the diplomacy of Europe and of the development of our international relationships. Even the debates in the Senate have too often reflected the American attitude typified by an august Senator of a generation ago who, while discussing a grave matter in which the international good repute of the United States was involved, scornfully demanded: "What do we care for 'Abroad'?" To help correct this failing and "to inspire the American people with a more adequate and accurate conception of their real place in the world and of their true relationship with other nations" is the aim of the author of these two substantial volumes. "It is a history for the reading and information of the average lay citizen. Therefore it will not be a technical treatise on diplomacy or internation law, such as would appeal to the student, jurist, or statesman."

Within these self-imposed limitations Mr. Johnson has written a good book of its kind. For years a journalist and editorial writer on the New York *Tribune*, he knows how to write a book which is clear, vigorous, and readable. He has a good perspective of the subject and groups the varied diplomatic questions in well-arranged and well-labelled chapters, instead of risking the danger of confusion by a too strict adherence to chronology. He has an interesting way of drawing sharply the virtues and defects of our leading statesmen and, by general quotations, largely lets them speak for themselves. In an appendix he gives conveniently for reference a number of familiar documents and a table of our diplomatic agents and of the treaties to which the United States has been a party.

On the other hand, the uneven quality and value of different parts of the work betray the journalist and the lack of careful historical training and judgment. The earlier chapters on "the pre-natal influences of the nation," that is, on the colonial period down to the establishment of independence by the peace of 1783, are commonplace and inaccurate. In spite of his declared purpose of giving other countries their proper due, the author seems to have a particular aversion for the French in general and for Vergennes in particular. It is quite true that "Vergennes had no real love for America." But to pillory him repeatedly, as Mr. Johnson does, as an Iago, "selfish, cold-blooded, and cynical," "malevolent," "grossly insincere," "devoid of a spark of generous feeling," doing all he could "with base treachery and deceit" and "with an army of spies and keyhole listeners" "to cripple and stunt the growing power of America" is to give an altogether false idea of Louis XVI's Minister. And to suppose (I, 92) that had the Americans not secured the French alliance and not been deluded by expectations of immediate French aid, "they would themselves have fought the war to a victorious ending in 1779, or at the latest in 1780," is ridiculous. In fact, throughout the book, the author has a perfect horror of any entangling alliance. Washington's words in the Farewell Address are for him the quintessence of wisdom. Though a great admirer of President Taft, he would apparently have the United States have nothing to do with any of the plans for a League to Enforce Peace.

Very much better is the account of the origin of the Monroe Doctrine, in which the author dissects Canning's exaggerated boast that he had "called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." To the part of the Doctrine insisting on European abstention from interfering with American governments Canning did, of course, greatly contribute. But even that half of the doctrine appeared in a form essentially different from that which he had intended. For he had meant that the United States and Great Britain should act jointly, or identically. This was not done, J. Q. Adams declaring it would be "more dignified to avow our principles directly to Russia and France than to come in as a cockboat in the wake of a British man-of-war." With the other half of the Doctrine, excluding European Powers from future colonization in America, Canning not only had no share, but no sympathy. In fact, he was distinctly opposed to it, being suspicious of its purpose and incorrectly imagining that it would militate against Great Britain's further colonization of the American Northwest.

The author's picturesque account of Perry's opening of Japan, based on the charming original narrative published by Congress, is excellent, as also the other chapters dealing with the Orient. His interesting story of the missions of Edmund Roberts and Anson Burlingame, of our Chinese Exclusion bills, and of John Hay's generous and statesmanlike Chinese policy shows a reasonable sympathy with the Oriental's point of view, and deserves reading. But his handling of the foreign relations of the last decade, especially of the financial and railway questions in China and the new position of Japan, is relatively inadequate. The other chapters, also, dealing with questions since the Spanish-American War, are rather scrappy and superficial, and colored by the author's strong Republican partisanship.

On the whole, therefore, Mr. Johnson's serious effort may be regarded as a fairly satisfactory semi-popular book for the ordinary intelligent American who wants to know something of our policy in the past, indispensable for forming a judgment of our proper policy for the future. In view of the scarcity of good and readable textbooks on American diplomatic history, it may even be advantageously used in college classes by instructors who delight in the opportunity to criticise and correct the book which their students are studying.

CURRENT FICTION.

Tish. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mrs. Rinehart may be described as one of the most industrious and versatile among American entertainers of the younger generation. She knows her audience thoroughly, and can do a variety of turns which are bound to please it. She can write a mystery story, or a farce, or a heart-interest sketch, and "get across" every time. And she has a keen and rather studiously vulgar sense of humor which has found an effective vent in the present series of tales. It is an odd fact that the women humorists—or let us say comic entertainers—of the day make a great deal of play with coarse jests and gestures. It seems to amount almost to a formula that to be sprightly you must also be risky. Perhaps it is the vaudeville influence backing up into literature—or is it corollary to the woman problem as now solved in public by women? Away with prudery! for our soul's salvation and the good of the race and the ears of the groundlings, let us out-male the males with quips about our female anatomy and physiology and dress—to put it baldly, our legs and our underclothes. The present commentator would not be understood as placing "Tish," for example, among books of ribaldry! He means only to deplore, in a book which contains much comic virtue, so frequent touches of the kind of coarseness which the women of vaudeville audiences appear to relish highly. That spinster extraordinary, Tish, is, of course, an impossibility; but so are Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. There are, at all events, not a few spinsters among us, we may be sure, who harbor within their breasts dim longings for such freedom and adventure as Tish so recklessly and outlandishly realizes. Mrs. Rinehart is a skilled builder of short stories, in the current sense. These are none of them mere humorous sketches of character, they are stories artfully plotted to keep the reader guessing while he laughs, and laughing most heartily when *impasse* has fairly given way to *dénouement*, and the bell rings for the curtain to fall.

Witte Arrives. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

We think the publisher's reader who hailed this as "the great American novel" went too far, but we should have agreed with him that it is an American novel of uncommon sincerity and force. It tells the story of a Jewish boy who, transplanted from the Russian Pale, quickly takes root here, and in the end becomes an American of the Americans. His father has come over first, but is too old a man and too loyal a Hebrew to be capable of assimilation. Sadly and helplessly he watches his children slipping away from the observances of the old faith

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which to him is the foundation of life, and loosing the ties which bind them to their own race. The boy Emil is of finer grain than the rest, a scholar and a thinker, but he, too, feels the irresistible pressure of circumstance. To succeed, in this new world, he must be of it. In the old land he might have fulfilled, as a rabbi, the destiny the father has so narrowly missed. But America calls him away from the past, away from his race; and, lacking the commercial sense, he leaves his Western university resolved to become a writer. Newspaper work is all that offers a living, and in that daily round his gift is in peril of submergence. But by way of "Sunday specials" he painfully makes his exit, in time, and after many struggles establishes himself as a magazine contributor of note. He reaches highwater mark as a writer of editorials for the *Age*, his special field being the handling of "America's newest problems" in the light of a pure democratic theory. After three years, "Witte has become peculiarly American. He had drunk deep not only of American ideals, but of American culture and American conditions. His articles and editorials in the *Age* attracted attention peculiarly by their Emersonian flavor. . . . Not one in a thousand readers of these unsigned editorials on American life and problems and ideals would have suspected that they were written by one not of American birth." So much for Witte's "arrival." The merit of the story lies, of course, less in its theme and the theory underlying that theme than in its action and portraiture. One gets a true sense of characterization, expressed by means of a notably clear and simple medium. If there is an element of strain, a forced note, in the narrative, it lies in the sealing of Witte's "arrival" by his marriage with a girl of old American stock. We might more contentedly have left him with the memory of the young wife of his own race who had whole-heartedly, though mistakenly, sacrificed her life for his sake.

Three Sons and a Mother. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Readers who have patience for the neutral, circumstantial "life" story will find it here at very nearly its best. The chronicle is painstakingly objective and indeterminate. The style is excellent in its rather consciously literary kind. Between these covers certain persons do, according to their ability, live and have their being. The question, the burning question for the reader, remains —whether they concern him in any way. The present reviewer laid down the book with something like the feeling that he had been imprisoned in an English third-class compartment, during a well-nigh interminable journey, in the company of a worthy but tiresome family group. The mother is a Scotswoman of immense pride and a narrow outlook, who as a young widow undertakes to bring up her three sons and daughter single-handed. John is a sensible fellow with whom we have relatively little to do. Mary is a brilliant girl, and becomes a wandering spinster, whom we know chiefly through her ultra-clever letters. Tom is middle-class to the bone, thriving from the outset, and not over-scrupulous except in his faithfulness to convention. The third son, Jamie, is really the central figure, in the chronicler's eyes. Jamie has vague aspirations towards something better than the humdrum "success" which suffices his brothers. He is the blundering sort, however, and, after much casual dabbling with life, imprisons himself in a foolish marriage. The best that he can hope for himself, or that we can hope for him, is escape from the deadly round of the life England is able to offer him; and we part with him alone on shipboard, with his eyes turned westward, and his heart faintly throbbing with the hope of finding some true form of self-expression in "the New World where there had been wars of liberty." But we do not get far beyond the surmise that he may in some way find his foot set upon a new path, and in some sense contrive to muddle through. In short, when we have acknowledged that the book is a product of great pains and accurate observation, that it is written with marked skill and ingenuity, we must still feel its lack of strength and significance as an interpretation of human life in any aspect whatever.

Blow the Man Down. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Yankee skipper up to date in the person of young Captain Mayo, and one John Marston, a well-known pirate of Wall Street, are the protagonists of the opposed forces in this romance of the coastwise trade. In the intricate machinations by which it was sought to perfect that "beneficent monopoly" to be known as the "Paramount Coast Transportation," the poor skipper became ever more deeply and desperately involved. Federal prison and the loss of his ship-master's license persistently stared him in the face. There were likewise drowning and matrimony in their least desirable phases constantly to be avoided. But there were stout hearts and true in the coastwise trade, and a fair friend in the enemy's camp, and there was the stanchest ally of them all in Polly Candidge, the pluckiest maid who ever put to sea against her will in an "Apple Tree-er" —need we say more? A readable yarn withal by reason of the curious nautical adventures of the young captain, the snatches of chanties interspersed—a rare collection, and the picturesque Down-Eastern types of old ships and old tars.

The Bright Eyes of Danger. By John Foster. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

To write a story of the Young Pretender in this day of the world calls for courage. The quality of Jacobite fiction has not improved with the passage of centuries. The changes have been pretty thoroughly rung on what is, after all, a sadly simple refrain. But the present adventurer has been wise enough to attack his theme as if it had never been piped before. He takes us, in the company of a young Englishman from Westmoreland, to Edinburgh, at the moment of flood-tide in the Prince's affairs. Our young Englishman is on a business errand. He is a King's man by heredity, but has no wish to take sides in the conflict which is already at hand in Scotland. But he has not been brought upon the scene for nothing, and a love-affair with a Jacobite lass soon puts him into the thick of a romantic action involving his own happiness and the fate of Scotland. The tale is skilfully told. The Prince does not appear too often upon the actual scene for the maintenance of his dignity and glamour. The story of Preston Field is retold in such a way as to reclothe its dry bones with the appearance of reality; and the whole forlorn muddle of the luckless Prince's enterprise is capably set before us. The culminating incident in which the Englishman, now formally on the King's side, allows the Pretender to escape, for the sake of his own Jacobite bride, is well contrived to bring the tale to a romantic conclusion. The style of the narrative is far better, in point of spontaneity and of historic plausibility, than is common in romances of this type.

GOLIARDIC POETRY.

The Cambridge Songs: A Goliard's Song Book of the XIth Century. Edited from the Unique Manuscript in the University Library by Karl Breul. Cambridge, England: The University Press.

Since the publication of John Addington Symonds's little book with its alluring title, "Wine, Women, and Song," and its not disappointing contents, Goliardic poetry has enjoyed a vogue that would have astonished Dr. Johnson and Pope. Many a reader today, with memories of the difficult syntax of Virgil and Horace, turns with an amazed delight to the fresh and living Latin, that is, the Latin that he can translate, of the wandering clerics of the Middle Ages. He is further captivated by Symonds's lavish sprinkling of that blessed word "modern," though really there is no sentiment in Goliardic poetry, in particular no sentiment of nature, that cannot be found, only less crudely expressed, in Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. But far be it from us to decry the charm of the family of Golias. It is pleasant to see them kick over grammatical traces and bring Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, for whom they had the utmost veneration, within the reach of us all.

One of the earliest and most important sources of Goliardic poetry, the songs in a famous Cambridge manuscript, has now been edited in a careful and sumptuous manner by Professor Breul. The volume would be of great value if only for the excellent reproduction of the pages in which the songs are found—a safeguard that every unique manuscript deserves. The reproductions are accompanied by transliterations, in which we have detected only a few trifling errors, and a text of the Songs is given, with comments on each. There are chapters, with

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excellent bibliographical notes, treating of the manuscript, of Goliardic poetry in general, and of the Cambridge Songs in particular. Various indices complete the book.

One marked defect of this otherwise welcome production is the manner in which the text of the Songs is edited. It would have been easy to reproduce Jaffé's critical text with accurate citation of the Cambridge manuscript and whatever emendations the editor cared to notice. Instead, we receive an eclectic text with no critical apparatus. Some of the comments, printed elsewhere in the book, are concerned with the text, and the not very helpful statement is repeated at intervals that the variants of the manuscript may easily be gathered from the transliteration. It is the editor's business to gather them. Further, if the reader of this text of the poems wants to consult the manuscript at any point, he must first turn to the comments to find where in the manuscript the poem occurs. The system of cross-references is also baffling, sometimes leading the exasperated pursuer down various blind alleys before he reaches the goal. A pocket text of the Cambridge Songs, like the handy little book entitled "Gaudeamus," or its worthy companion, the "Carmina Vagorum, in Usum Lætitiæ Edita," would appeal to many readers and would need no learned ballast. But in a scholarly production like the present the editor should play by the rules of the game.

A pathetic interest attaches to this work. The author, professor of German in the University of Cambridge, resumes a task to which he first turned over thirty years ago and completes it, he declares, "in the very saddest year of my life, when so much for which I have lived and worked is crumbling to pieces." He expresses the hope, which colleagues of every nationality should share, that "when the clash of arms is hushed, and men again turn their thoughts to the pursuits of peace, scholars on both sides of the North Sea will once more join in the common search, as of old, for the good, the beautiful, and the true." He has found some consolation during the present crisis, for the reason that the Cambridge Songs "are one of the very earliest instances of genuine interest taken by Englishmen in the literature of Germany." This last remark needs elucidation.

From Professor Breul's chapter, entitled "Mediæval Latin Lyrics in Germany," which with a courteous inclusiveness starts with Carolingian court-poetry as its first period, one might infer that all vital moments in the history of Goliardic verse are to be credited to Germany. The Cambridge Songs may be classed with German literature for the reason that some of them deal with German subjects, and that the collection, very possibly, was put together in the Rhineland. But some of the pieces are by no means German. Goliardic poetry, like everything else worth while in the Middle Ages, most probably originated in France. That typical and delightful collection, the "Carmina Burana," compiled in the first quarter of the thirteenth century, is representative of all the nationalities. The songs of the "Archipoeta," in the second half of the twelfth century, are indeed German, and reflect the entourage of Cologne, but the French Goliard, Hugh of Orléans, was before him. The Cambridge book takes us back earlier still, to the middle of the eleventh century. An analysis of its contents will suggest further clues to the earliest developments of Goliardic poetry.

Our author quotes with approval the words of Mr. W. P. Ker, who in his "Dark Ages," speaking of the famous ballade of the "Snow-born Child," avers that "in the Middle Ages, Germany is ahead of France in a kind which is reckoned peculiarly French; the earliest Fabliaux are in German Latin, with Swabians for comic heroes." But if this poem is a fabliau, so are two other members of the Song-book, which agree with it in announcing a laughable tale ("ridiculum"). One tells about a priest who sought to entrap a wolf and fell into the hole with the beast, the other about Abbot John, who tried living the life of an angel, sans food and sans raiment, with unfortunate results. The former story reappears in the "Roman de Renart," and is admitted by Professor Breul to be most probably of French origin; the author of the latter was the youthful St. Fulbert of Chartres. The most poetic of the pieces, a lament of a maiden, perhaps a nun, on the coming of spring ("Levis exsurgit Zephyrus") was called French by von Winterfeld with at least as much reason as Professor Breul has for considering it German. The charming invitation to the poet's love ("Iam dulcis amica venito") is acknowledged by Professor Breul to be probably French.

The script of the book is undoubtedly English. There is high probability that it is a product of the Canterbury school; indeed, it is known as the Canterbury book. Professor Breul would allow for the possibility that it was written on the Continent—a gratuitous hypothesis that need not detain us. The original collection was made, perhaps, in the Rhineland and attracted the attention of some English wanderer there. It is just as possible that the Englishman stayed at home and compiled the collection himself, partly from German, partly from French, and partly from Italian material, throwing in also bits of Virgil, Horace, and Fortunatus and setting some, at least, of the pieces with musical notation. The original compiler, whoever he was, was not the writer of this manuscript; it has too many mistakes and confusions for that. In one poem at least ("Iam dulcis amica venito") interpolated glosses make their appearance, as they do in a tenth-century manuscript in Paris that contains the same piece. This bespeaks something of a history for this poem. It must have achieved notoriety to receive the honor of explanatory glosses, and it would take some time for these to work their way into the text. It would not be surprising if Goliardic poetry came into being in the ninth century, in the very period, the Carolingian Renaissance, which Professor Breul and others regard as dominated by lifeless conventions and subservience to classical models. But this is a theme that we may not follow out here. It is to be hoped that the important publication before us will inspire new researches in the fascinating field of mediæval popular verse.

Notes

"Paradise Garden," by George Gibbs, is announced for publication next month by D. Appleton & Company.

Harper & Bros. will issue on October 6 "Rainbow's End," by Rex Beach.

E. P. Dutton & Company announce the following volumes as forthcoming shortly: "The Blue China Book," by Ada Walker Camehl; "Belgians Under the German Eagle," by Jean Massart; "History of the Fabian Society," by Edward R. Pease; "The Moose Book," by Samuel Merrill.

The following papers, the third series of the kind, will be issued next month by the committee in charge of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University: "How Shakespeare Came to Write 'The Tempest,'" by Rudyard Kipling, introduction by Ashley H. Thorndike; "How Plays Are Written," letters from Augier, Dumas, Sardou, Zola, and others, translated by Dudley Miles, introduction by William Gillette; "A Stage Play," by Sir William Schenck Gilbert, introduction by William Archer; "A Theory of the Theater," by Francisque Sarcey, translated by H. H. Hughes, introduction by Brander Matthews; "A Catalog of Models and Stage-Sets in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University."

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the following volumes for immediate publication: "The Woman Who Wouldn't," by Rose Pastor Stokes; "And Thus He Came," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "The Golden Apple," by Lady Gregory; "Ordeal by Fire," by Marcel Berger; "Reminiscences of a War-Time Statesman and Diplomat," by Frederick W. Seward; "Recollections of a Happy Life," by Elizabeth Christophers Hobson; "Greek Wayfarers," by Edwina S. Babcock; "Smoky Roses," by Lyman Bryson; "The Backwash of War," by Ellen La Motte; "English Influence on the United States," by W. Cunningham; "The Sexes in Science and History," by Eliza Burt Gamble. As representatives of the Cambridge University Press the Putnams announce the following for publication in the near future: "Alternating Currents in Theory and Practice," by W. H. N. James; "A Treatise on the Theory of Alternating Currents," by Alexander Russell; "The Acts of the Apostles," Greek text, edited by W. F. Burnside; "The Development of English Building Construction," by C. F. Innocent; "The Ancient Cross Shafts at Bewcastle and Ruthwell," by the Right Rev. G. F. Browne; "The Algebraic Theory of Modular Systems," by F. S. Macaulay.

The battle of the Marne was won by Gen. Foch between five and six o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, September 9, 1914, at La Fère Champenoise, near where the Petit Morin

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takes its rise in the marshes of St. Gond. This is the verdict rendered by Hilaire Belloc in his brilliant account of what he characterizes as probably the most portentous event in the modern history of western Europe, "The Battle of the Marne," being the second volume of an ambitious series, The Elements of the Great War (Hearst's International Library Company). But opinion rather than verdict would describe the conclusion attained by Mr. Belloc, after the most detailed examination of the evidence so far available, and formulated with full recognition of contrary opinion. For on this question of just where was the decision obtained in a battle that raged for six days over a front of two hundred miles you find emphasis laid in as many as four directions. The victory was gained by Gen. Manoury against von Kluck's flank on the Ourcq; it was gained by Gen. Foch against the Prussian Guard and the Saxons at La Fère Champenoise; it was gained by Sarrail when he held back the Crown Prince from Verdun; finally, it was gained by Castelnau, in the battle of the Grand Couronne of Nancy, which was not a part of the battle of the Marne at all, but began seven days earlier, came to an end before the Marne was at its height, and yet determined the outcome of that historic contest. If we use Mr. Belloc's happy figure for the battle of the Marne, of a rubber band (the German battle line), pulled so hard from both ends as to thin in the middle and break under sudden pressure, shall the credit for the snapping of the rubber band be given to Manoury, who pulled hard at one end, near Paris, or to Castelnau, who pulled hard at the other end, near Nancy, or to Foch, who had the genius to discern that the middle of the rubber band opposite him had thinned out to the point where he could thrust forward his hand and puncture it? Manoury's advocates argue that Foch was on the verge of defeat at noon of September 9. For Foch it is contended that Manoury's fingers on the German rubber band were slipping badly on this same September 9, and it would have escaped him if sixty miles to the east it had not broken under Foch's thrust. For Castelnau, it is said that he determined the outcome of the Marne in advance by standing off sixteen German divisions with five French divisions, thus deceiving the Kaiser's generals into the belief that the heaviest French masses were in the east, and that von Kluck might try his dramatic swerve across the Allied front with impunity.

The battle of the Marne is to Mr. Belloc, in technical jargon, "an action of dislocation." That is to say, it is a battle in which an army defeats itself by creating a gap in its own line for the enemy to take advantage of. This gap is not created by mere neglect to cover a certain stretch of territory, but by mistakes which compel a concentration at certain points at the expense of other points. It is for the enemy to discover the weakened points; more than that, it is for him to anticipate, from the very fact of hostile concentrations at A and B, that somewhere between A and B the gap will appear. With such genius of foresight Mr. Belloc credits Foch, as his army went back under a three days' battering from the Saxons and Prussian Guards, and the French commander waited and waited until the gap opened up between St. Gond and La Fère Champenoise. If von Kluck had not underestimated the peril to his flank, he would not have had to scuttle back across the Marne on September 6. When he went back, von Bülow's army, to the east, was pulled back in turn. When von Bülow went back the Prussian Guards on his left began to thin and split. Part of them spread out to maintain communications with von Bülow; part of the Guard joined itself to the Saxons for a decisive thrust against Foch. The latter's opportunity had come.

In 1630 Fray Alonso de Benavides, who had been custodian of the Franciscan Order in New Mexico for seven years, presented to Philip IV of Spain a memorial, in which are treated "the treasures, spiritual and temporal, which the Divine Majesty hath manifested in those conversions and new discoveries." The book was printed at Madrid in the same year, and so important was it deemed to be that it was translated and published successively in French (Brussels, 1631), Dutch (Antwerp, 1631), Latin (Salzburg, 1634), and German (Salzburg, 1634). The Memorial has become priceless, not only on account of its rarity (the only known copy of the Dutch edition is in the British Museum), but by reason of its importance as a source-book of the history of our Southwest. Appreciative of this fact, Mrs. Edward E. Ayer, of Chicago, undertook the task of translating the work into English, from the copy of the Spanish edition in her husband's noted library of Americana, now the Ayer collection, in the Newberry Library. This accomplished, she placed her translation in the hands of Dr. Charles F. Lummis, of Los Angeles, according him plenary editorial authority. At the same time, the aid of Mr. F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, was enlisted, and the Memorial has now been published in new and beautiful form, illustrated with forty-four plates, mostly photogravures ("The Memorial of Fray Alonso de Benavides," 1630; translated by Mrs. Edward E. Ayer, annotated by Frederick Webb Hodge and Charles Fletcher Lummis. Chicago: Privately printed). The volume is presented with an introduction over the name of Dr. Lummis, followed by a translation (pp. 11-75), with footnotes chiefly elucidative of the Spanish diction. Next is given the original text of the Memorial in exact facsimile (pp. 79-183), supplemented by a series of elaborate notes, chiefly from the pen of Mr. Hodge (pp. 187-285), designed to explain the various phases of history, geography, biography, bibliography, ethnology, archæology, natural history, and climate, to which the Memorial refers. An index of twenty pages makes the contents readily accessible.

In "The Great News" (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.25) Charles Ferguson defends the thesis that perfect democracy can exist only where there is the greatest degree of happiness. This happiness is in turn dependent upon an abundance of economic goods. It is the function of the State to mobilize the productive forces of a country so as to obtain the maximum product; this is the proper function also of business organization. Since, therefore, political and industrial goals are identical, democracy must wait for its fruition upon the effective union of business and the state. Unfortunately, however, this union must be delayed until the credit system, which is today the mainspring of all industrial activity, shall have been delivered from the hands of private bankers, in the search for profits, to a public and more altruistic control. Replete with striking passages, the book is in the main founded upon a misconception of the character of modern banking and credit systems. Credit is not so completely a figment of the banker's brain as Mr. Ferguson seems to believe. On the contrary, it rests on a firm and sound foundation. Furthermore, while the desire for profit may frequently lead to the extension of credit to socially undesirable enterprises, more often the reverse is true. Besides, it is by no means easy to draw a line between enterprises that are from a social standpoint desirable and those that are undesirable. The discussion of specific points also is marked by misconceptions of the reasons for current banking practice. In treating discount rates, for example, the raising of the rate is described as "a means of putting a dead-stop to business, whenever business shows a disposition to take its money out of the bank" (p. 172)! How, the author asks elsewhere, can Great Britain increase its foreign loans by millions of pounds a year when "during the last few years British imports have exceeded exports by about a hundred and fifty million pounds a year" (p. 140)? An examination of both the visible and invisible elements in foreign trade might have clarified for the author this apparently anomalous condition.

"The Spell of Egypt," by Archie Bell, adds another attractive volume to the Spell Series, published by the Page Company ($2.50 net). Mr. Bell gives his chief attention to the Egyptian life of to-day, and is alive, almost to the point of sentimentalism, to the more serious emotions that Egypt evokes, which he allows himself time to enjoy profitably by refusing to be hurried on his journey. His first chapter, A Flowery Pathway, deserves mention as a pleasant account of a brief visit to the Azores and Madeira *en route* for Alexandria. From Alexandria he passes to his dahabeeah, and devotes the greater part of the remaining chapters to his experiences on the Nile, after which he gives a vivid picture of Cairo and concludes with a visit to the Pyramids and the Sphinx. It is the conventional tour in Egypt, and the conventional sight-seeing is accomplished. But the book is not without individuality, owing to the fact that it contains astonishingly little—and that little only general and popular—archæological and historical information, and is principally concerned with the aspects of present-day life. The mud-village of El Kerimat, the "miniature Cairo"—Minieh, an Egyptian farm, a magician skilled in sword-swallowing, dancing girls, Holy Men, the fellaheen, convicts, a funeral, the Bishareen, Maspero himself—all pass before us with the variety that even in the land of the Pyramids is the spice of life. The effect, on the whole, is somewhat cinematographic, and is accordingly suited to the popular taste of our day and generation. The author unfortunately is not a master of style, and is capable of writing occasionally such a sentence as, for example, the following: "Domestic conditions among the fellaheen, however, are not much different than among other Mohammedans" (p. 110). Like many other volumes of this series, the book possesses as not the least of its merits excellent and abundant illustrations, both duogravures and colored plates. It also has that most comforting accompaniment of any travel sketch—a large map of the country described.

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Finance

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

How far the excited speculation on the Stock Exchange has been a cause, and how far a consequence, of the growing popular belief in much longer continuance of the European war would not be altogether easy to prove. Prolongation of the war and of war-time activity in this country have undoubtedly played their part as speculative "arguments," and every one knows that Wall Street, and with it that community of fluctuating proportions which reads through Wall Street's eyes, takes the cue for much of its opinion on public questions from the stock market. There is no possible doubt, however, that both home and foreign opinion has changed radically from its position of last winter in the matter.

What has now become evident is that exhaustion, either economic or otherwise, is not likely to prevent any belligerent from continuing to fight; but also that no military situation is anywhere nearly in sight which would accomplish the same purpose. The neutral world undoubtedly believes Germany to be beaten, in the sense that she is waging a hopeless campaign. But many of the world's most competent military experts believed Germany to be beaten in that sense two years ago, when Foch with his wearied troops struck that memorable blow at the German centre on the Marne, which threw the whole line of the invaders into bewildered confusion and turned a triumphant advance into something resembling panicky rout.

The military critics knew then, however, that the mere expulsion of the Germans from France and Belgium would be a slow, costly, and toilsome process; and they undoubtedly take the same view of the prospect in the present greatly altered military situation. The adoption of this opinion by the general public, as against its singular belief in sudden peace, eight or nine months ago, has had much to do with recent excitement on the Stock Exchange. But there has also occurred of late an even more important, though as yet gradual, change in expert judgment as to conditions which will arise in this country when the war is over.

With all the cloud of obscurity which surrounds that question, the intelligent part of the business community seems at last to have begun to comprehend how much of this talk of instantaneous ruin to our industries, through European competition on return of peace, has been a crafty and for the most part a disingenuous political manœuvre for ulterior purposes. After Election Day, and probably before, the real economic facts will get a better hearing. If so, people will realize the foolishness of this consigning to financial ruin, as soon as war is over, of a country which will then control the bulk of the world's available capital, available gold, and available producing power.

It is natural enough that the furious pace of the recent Stock Exchange speculation for the rise should have called forth, as it did a year ago, the remark that this must mean inflation of the currency. Senator Root, in the week when the Federal Reserve law passed Congress, predicted enormous resultant inflation of the kind. Mr. Hughes, speaking at Peoria last week, declared that "the system, as it is, contains dangerous possibilities of inflation." Are we not, then, witnessing the results of that currency inflation now?

The facts are readily ascertainable. In November, 1914 (the month in which the Federal Reserve system went into operation), the Government reported the total of money circulating in the United States as $3,715,500,000. On the first of this present month it was $4,066,800,000. Here, on the face of things, would seem to be the increase.

But the Government also gives the kinds of money in its monthly statements. From this classification, we find that in November, 1914, the paper currency circulating in this country—not including gold or silver certificates, or United States notes whose amount is fixed by law—was $1,083,500,000. At the opening of this present month, the total was $904,700,000. That is to say, we have $178,800,000 less paper money circulating in the country now than immediately before the Reserve law began to have its influence.

A smaller amount of new Federal Reserve notes has been issued during the interval than the amount of old national bank currency retired. Furthermore, out of the $179,000,000 Federal Reserve notes now oustanding, only $17,300,000 are notes based on commercial paper—the kind that the speeches of 1913 declared was sure to produce inflation. The rest, like the Government's gold certificates, are secured dollar for dollar in gold. What really caused the huge increase in the total supply of money since November, 1914, is fairly explained by the fact that, whereas the gold in circulation at that date was $1,579,000,000, the amount is this month reported as $2,096,000,000.

As to whether it is or is not possible for a currency to be "inflated" with gold, that is a curious question. We do not ordinarily mean that when we speak of "currency inflation." Yet when our gold supply has increased nearly one-third within twenty-two months, bank reserves—even on the old 25 per cent. basis—would necessarily rise at an abnormally rapid rate, and with them the loan account, on whose facilities speculation depends.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Aumonier, S. Olga Bardel. Century. $1.35 net.
Bottome, P. The Dark Tower. Century. $1.35 net.
Bower, B. M. The Heritage of the Sioux. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Browne, B. The Quest of the Golden Valley. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Carter, M. H. Souls Resurgent. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Donnell, A. H. Miss Theodosia's Heartstrings. Little, Brown. $1 net.
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Hodges, A. Pincus Hood. Small, Maynard. $1.40 net.
Johnson, F. K. The Beloved Son. Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.
Lynn, E. In Khaki for the King. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Neilson, F. A Strong Man's House. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50 net.
Parker, G. The World for Sale. Harper. $1.35 net.
Scott, J. R. The Cab of the Sleeping Horse. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Sherwood, M. The Worn Doorstep. Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Watson and Rees. The Hampstead Mystery. Lane. $1.35 net.
Wells, H. G. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Hundred and Sixty Books. By Washington Authors. Compiled by S. W. Hassell.
Collins, F. A. The Camera Man. Century. $1.30 net.
Doty, M. Z. Society's Misfits. Century. $1.25 net.
Eastman, C. A. From the Deep Woods to Civilization. Little, Brown. $2 net.
Fillmore, P. H. A Little Question in Ladies' Rights. Lane. 50 cents net.
Gerould, G. H. Saints' Legends. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Gould, F. J. Worth-While People. Harper. 75 cents net.
Greene, J. K. Leavening the Levant. Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
Jacks, L. P. From the Human End. Holt. $1.25 net.
Lee, J. Unfinished Portraits. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Linthicum, R. Wit and Wisdom of Woodrow Wilson. Doubleday, Page.
Mencken, H. L. A Little Book in C Major. Lane. 50 cents net.
Miller, M. M. American Debate. Volumes I and II. Putnam.
Muir, J. The Boyhood of a Naturalist. (Riverside Lit. series.) Houghton Mifflin. 25 cents net.
Phelps, W. L. The Advance of the English Novel. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Rider, B. C. The Greek House. Putnam. $3.25 net.
Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing. Edited with Introduction and Notes by F. S. Boas. Oxford Univ. Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Smith, F. H. In Dickens's London. Scribner. $2 net.
Spens, J. An Essay on Shakespeare's Relation to Tradition. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.
Teggart, F. J. Prolegomena to History—The Relation of History to Literature, Philosophy, and Science. Berkeley: University of California Press.
The Book of the Yale Pageant. 1716-1916. Edited by G. H. Nettleton. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1 net.
The Iliad of Homer. Translated into English by William C. Bryant. Riverside Popular Edition. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
The Sonnets of Shakespeare. Edited by R. M. Alden. Houghton Mifflin. $6 net.
Tolstoy's Sevastopol. Edited by A. P. Goudy and E. Bullough. Putnam. $1.25.
Updegraff, R. R. Obvious Adams. The Story of a Successful Business Man. Harper. 50 cents net.
Wyatt, H. Malice in Kulturland. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Year Book for 1916 of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Washington: Carnegie Endowment for Int. Peace.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Wiener, H. M. The Date of the Exodus. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. 25 cents.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Guthrie, W. D. Magna Carta and Other Addresses. Columbia Univ. Press. $1.50 net.
Hayes, H. G. Problems and Exercises in Economics. Holt.

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Juglar, C. A Brief History of Panics. Third edition. Translated and edited by DeC. W. Thom. Putnam. $1 net.
MacDonald, J. A. M. European International Relations. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Alexinsky, T. Parmi les Blessés. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin. 2fr. 50c.
Autobiography of George Dewey—Admiral of the Navy. Anonymous. Popular edition. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Barker, J. E. The Foundations of Germany. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Beyens, Baron. Germany before the War. Translated by P. V. Cohn. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
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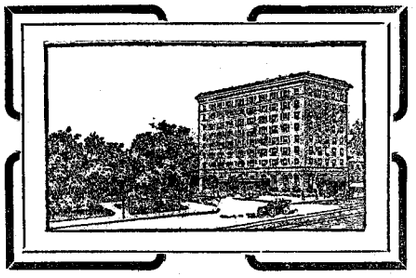

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